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REVIEW OF THE WEEK

PERIODICALLY and inevitably, the question of the Navy engages the attention of Parliament, unites many who are of divergent views on other subjects, and causes the foreign papers to quote freely, with plentiful comment, from the debates reported in our own Press. The discussion of the past week has been peculiarly interesting; the speeches have been especially sane, tending, it would seem, to the avoidance of war and the employment of moderate measures. It is quite possible to agree with Mr. Murray Macdonald's statement that the greatness of a nation does not consist in the magnitude of its armaments; the true greatness of a nation is like a river, fed by many tributary streams of literature, art, and wise laws wisely administered; but when the statement is used to enforce a proposal that the Navy and Army should receive inadequate financial support our agreement ceases. If ever President Taft's ideal, that "matters of national honour should be referred to courts of arbitration as matters of private or national property are," becomes an established fact, the millennium will be at hand; but it

must not be forgotten that when President Taft spoke those words he was addressing a Peace and Arbitration Society. It must not be forgotten, also, that England is an island, exceptionally tempting and exceptionally difficult to render invulnerable; that she can be attacked through her possessions half a world away; and that the envy or ill-tempered ambitions of a well-armed rival might at any hour precipitate disaster, were we not thoroughly prepared for all emergencies. The *Paris Temps* is not far wrong when it remarks that "essays on the beauty of international friendship" may be very pleasant and edifying, but will not be of much effect in altering the present conditions.

The recently deceased poet and novelist Antonio Fogazzaro was encouraged in the study of English in his youth both by his father and his private tutor, the Abate Giacomo Zanella, "whereby," says his biographer, Signor Pompeo Molmenti, "he was enabled to study the works of prose writers who excel our own so much in imagination and feeling." Up to the time that he published his first novel, "Malombra," in 1881 he had, according to this biographer, only a limited acquaintance with the novels of foreign writers, but those he knew best were English. He was a great admirer of Dickens, and could appreciate both his humour and his irony. In fact, the character of Edith in "Malombra" bears a marked resemblance in many respects to that of Agnes in "David Copperfield."

As a youth Fogazzaro took eagerly to Byron, whom he first encountered in a French translation, and his evolutionary studies made him early a reader of Herbert Spencer. His biographer, Molmenti, is disposed to believe that his poem "Miranda" was a creation owed to Shakespeare. Fogazzaro, he says, profoundly adored Cordelia, and was thereby inspired to depict a girl who would feel much, yet say little, and he succeeded in this by his portrayal of Miranda. The discourse on Robert and Elizabeth Browning by Fanny Zampini Salazar, published at Naples in 1896, contains a preface by Fogazzaro. There are passages in his novel "Il Mistero del Poeta" which stamp him as an admirer of Shelley, and it is in that work that the hero states [see "The Poet's Mystery," chap. x., pp. 81-82] "In a few months I devoured Ranke's 'History of the Papacy' . . . the greater portion of Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' and Herbert Spencer's 'Principles of Sociology.'" The same book contains a defence of Shakespeare's feminine creations when disparaged as compared with those of Goethe.

Among the illustrated periodicals which reach us from abroad, the *Southern Sphere* of Melbourne takes a very high place, both on account of its literary matter and its illustrations, and we notice one feature which might well be introduced into some of our English weekly illustrated papers—a full page devoted to verse, most of its items original. Not all of them could be dignified by the name of poetry, but a very creditable level is maintained. It is curious to note, in those of our home magazines and journals which devote some space to rhymesters, what poor stuff gets into print; only here and there does a memorable lyric or sonnet reward the careful reader. In *Nash's Magazine*, which is rapidly advancing to the front line of stylish and well-edited monthlies, the verses form the least attractive feature; everything else—articles, illustrations, and general appearance—is excellent. English magazines are taking upon themselves more and more the standard of style set by the *Century* and *Harper's*, and judging by the names of some of its contributors—R. W. Chambers, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Dana Gibson—*Nash's* has quite an American note already, a comment which must be taken as high praise.

INGALILL

From the Swedish of Gustaf Fröding. (1860-1911.)

Inga, little Ingalill, sing to me thy lay !
 Forlorn my soul without thee pursues her lonely way,
 The child of solitude and sadness.
 Inga, little Ingalill, sing to me thy lay !
 In these deserted castle halls it is my staff and stay
 To hear its gentle ring of gladness.
 Inga, little Ingalill, sing thy lay to me !
 Then thine the half my kingdom and my castle's gold shall be,
 Thereto, sweet heart, my troth I plight thee.
 My castle's gold, it is my love, and all to thee is owed,
 And the half of all my kingdom, it is half my sorrow's load.
 Say, Ingalill, doth sorrow fright thee ?

F. A. J.

THE ECONOMICS OF PREFERENCE—II.

THE first of these articles upon the Economics of Preference closed by the statement that the opponent of Protection or Preference in any form, the old orthodox Free Trader, had a strong case whenever he qualified the universality of his theory.

We shall see in a moment that the whole weakness of his position lay in his assumption that a complete freedom of exchange, foreign as well as domestic, was *always* of advantage to *any* community that might adopt it. There are conditions under which it is demonstrable that the opposite is the case. But first let us consider the nature of the counter-affirmation which the Free Trader makes. It is, to take a concrete case, as follows:—"Of course, if you could show that loss of advantage to a native smelter of iron by the shutting out of foreign cheap coal was more than compensated by the increase of wealth which it brought to the native producer of coal, your case would be made out; but the thing is mathematically impossible. If you have made coal more difficult to get by any member of the community, you have as a whole impoverished the community. You may do the native coal-producer a little good by your interference, but you will do the native smelter a great deal more harm, and the thing is a plain matter of arithmetic."

That is the answer given by the old orthodox Free Trade school to all proposals whatsoever for distinguishing between a fellow-citizen and a foreigner in the matter of imports. He says that such a policy of distinction between native and foreign commodities is based upon an illusion. It benefits one man here and one man there; each man so benefited approves of the change, his artificial prosperity leads others to demand the same, then clamour for similar restrictions in their own case, until at last we are reduced to the absurdity of trying to increase the national wealth by making each man richer at the expense of his neighbour. The total effect of a tariff which has thus tried to please many interests, and which is tending to please all interests, is simply to interfere with exchange as a whole. The Free Trader treats any such policy as due to an absurdly limited and shallow economic analysis; he is prepared to prove that a complete freedom of exchange with the foreigner can always be shown arithmetically and without possibility of contradiction to produce a maximum of domestic wealth. It is a matter of arithmetic (he says) because every man knows

his own business best, and, even if the State be wiser than the private merchant, it can impart to him its superior information without relying upon the clumsy and expensive machinery of a tariff. Every man knows or can have pointed out to him by public agency the cheapest market in which to purchase and the dearest in which to sell. And each thus making for himself his own maximum, the total result of such exchanges will be a maximum also. For instance, in the example just given the local coal owner suffers, but that is because his claim to a monopoly in supplying coal is uneconomic. If he cannot supply it as cheaply as the foreigner, it is his business to turn to something else which he can supply as cheaply or more cheaply than the foreigner. And to attempt to give him privilege in the matter simply means that you are subsidising one man at the expense of the community, though your action may be masked by the fact that his individual benefit is great, while the sacrifices that go to supply it are each individually small and widely distributed.

This proposition, the Free Trader in his opposition to Protection or to Preference, lays down as universal. Well, he is wrong; there are conditions under which completely free exchange does produce such a maximum, but there are also conditions under which it does not; and that there are conditions where it does not the following example will very clearly show:

Suppose a country to be divided by a high and difficult mountain barrier. On the one side of this barrier its shores look towards a wide stretch of desert; on the other they look across the sea towards a wealthy and highly-developed Continental region. That side of the country which looks towards the desert contains copper; but there is copper also discoverable, under easier conditions, and nearer to established communications, on the mainland just across the water. In past times, when the country had but difficult communication across the sea with the mainland, the seaward parts of the island, in which there is much cheap coal, smelted the copper ore brought from that part of the country beyond the mountains which lay next the desert. The copper ore was carried, with expense and difficulty, over the passes. With the progress of maritime communications, however, it has become easier for the coal-owners and smelters next the sea to get their copper from the mainland over the water. They have at last come to do so entirely, and the copper-mines in the province beyond the mountains are shut down. The inhabitants of that province, having little opportunity for agriculture, have no industry left but, let us say, forestry. Let us put the thing numerically, and say that in the old days, when the native copper was depended upon, every ton of copper brought over the mountains had, by the time it was smelted, to pay one-half of its smelted value to the owners of the copper-mines, one-quarter to those who carried the ore with difficulty from the mines over the mountains to the smelters, leaving only one-quarter for the smelters in the maritime part of the country.

The economic values represented by the ton of copper in its final form were, under those old conditions, all retained within the country. But the smelting portion of the country only got one-quarter of it. The other three-quarters went to the copper-mines and to the carriers.

Now let us suppose that when maritime communications were made easier the conditions of transport were such that instead of three-quarters of the smelted product the smelters only had to pay to the copper-mines beyond the sea five-eighths of the final value of the smelted copper. What result followed?

The result which followed was of course that the smelting province on the seaward side of the country became rapidly

and enormously richer. It used to keep only one-quarter of every ton of the smelted copper, but after the change it kept three-eighths. The change had increased its wealth by 50 per cent.

Now so long as that country and the place beyond the sea as well are under one Crown no one can quarrel with such an arrangement. The total wealth of the community is increased, for the production of copper within it is easier than it was before, and the value of copper so produced is wholly retained by the subjects of one Crown.

But suppose the place beyond the sea to be foreign? suppose the Government of the country in question to have no particular care whether the place beyond the sea be prosperous or no?

Then it is quite another pair of shoes!

Under the new system of importing copper ore from over sea the smelting province is indeed wealthier than it was before; it keeps three-eighths of the smelted copper where it used to keep only a quarter; it is 50 per cent. wealthier than it used to be. But the copper province to the north of the mountains, with its carrying trade and its mining industry, is ruined. Or, to put it in terms of copper, where it used to get three-quarters of each ton of smelted copper (half a ton for its miners and a quarter of a ton for its carriers) it now gets nothing. *And meanwhile, instead of a whole ton of copper being retained by the country as a whole, only three-eighths are retained.* The remaining five-eighths have to be sent over-sea to the mines upon the Continent, and to the traders who bring it from the Continent.

What is the reply of the orthodox Free Trader to an illustration of this kind?

He answers:

"So much the worse for the copper province! It must turn to something else *which it is better fitted to produce.*"

But there is not an infinite number of things which a province is well fitted to produce!

Perhaps, as in the case I have supposed, if copper is ruined, forestry is the only thing left. And forestry, under the circumstances, would find nothing but a local market. Where the chances of a highly developed and very manifold industry exist, the destruction of the old copper industry might be a blessing in disguise. It would certainly have made the smelting province richer, and if the copper-mining province, compelled by necessity, should discover other resources to replace their old mining industry, the total wealth of the country *might*, in the long run, be greater, though even so only after passing through a bad period of ruin and depression for one-half of its people. If no such new industries were discoverable or possible, then the case for keeping out the foreign copper is obvious and unanswerable.

That, put very briefly, is the argument for Protection in any department. In the particular form of *Preference* the argument would presuppose the two provinces of the country to be autonomous, each having the right to erect its own tariff barrier as it chooses. The smelting province, let us suppose, is Free Trade in the matter of copper, taking copper where it could get it cheapest in an open market. The preferentialist will say to that province: "Put up a barrier against the foreign copper, take, at some sacrifice, the native copper from your fellow-subjects, and the whole community will be the richer."

For the political unity of that country read the political unity of an Empire; for its two provinces of copper miners and smelters read the mother country and some one Colony or Commonwealth under the same Crown; for the people beyond the sea read the foreign producer in general. Then you have the argument for preference in its tersest form.

In practice, of course, there is very much more than this. The Preferentialist will point out that the sacrifice demanded in his concrete scheme is very much smaller than the sacrifice suggested in the above example. He will point out, again, that as preference is suggested for growing and undeveloped countries, the small immediate sacrifice may be quickly recouped by the stimulus it will give to a general expansion. He may further insist upon the high political value of such a bond of union under the peculiar conditions of the British Empire, whose provinces are not only distant, but highly (or rather absolutely) autonomous. He may finally clinch his argument by showing how very slight a canalisation of trade would breed the great results which he desires.

But the argument in favour of preference will still be, on its economic side, of the type which these lines have attempted to make clear, and they are sufficient to show how strong the purely economic argument can be, and how weak in special circumstances the dogmatic attitude of the old orthodox Free Trader may appear.

HISTORY AND THE HEARTS OF KINGS

By FRANK HARRIS

EVERYONE knows that history and truth may be divergent. History may in some cases be but conventional fiction, which we accept or pretend to accept at its face-value. But in spite of a rational incertitude we try to believe that some so-called facts are indubitable, and are not recorded merely to annoy school-children and to fill the pigeon-holes of puerile memory to the exclusion of better knowledge.

"History" and "story" are in reality the same word. But "history" has come to undeserved honour, and "story" to absurd contempt.

History seems to me to suffer mainly from the want of good stories; as we used to say at school, it has an enormous lot of duff in it, and not nearly enough currants and raisins. But, out of mere stupidity, we honour duff and try to believe that there is something in it. Now and then, however, we are suddenly shaken out of this comfortable superstition.

French journalists have been having a great discussion lately about the hearts of their Kings. It appears that in the Abbey Church of St. Denis there is a vault devoted to the Kings of France, and in this vault is a closet, called "the Closet of the Hearts," in which there are six little boxes placed on pedestals. These boxes are supposed, to contain the hearts of Kings. Three of the boxes are round and three are heart-shaped, and tradition says that the first contains the heart of Marie de Medici, the second the heart of Louis XIII., the third the heart of Henri IV. The fourth box has on it the letter "N," but it contains nothing more than the heart of a child of the Duc de Berry; the fifth contains that of Louis XIV.; and the sixth the heart of Louis XVIII. There is besides one pedestal without a box. It was meant, we are told, to uphold the heart of that poor little Louis XVII., who never saw the throne of France except through the bars of his prison.

There has been an infinite amount of dispute about this poor little boy. History has it that he died in prison in the Temple in Paris on June 8th, 1795. But it is asserted, and now accepted on all hands in France, that the boy who died

was a little boy called Lenninger, who had been substituted for the King.

The grandchildren of Naundorff the pretender, who claimed to be Louis XVII., have petitioned the Senate to investigate the matter. The Senate appointed one of their number, M. Boissy d'Anglas, and two of his colleagues, MM. Gustave Rivet et Delpech to determine what truth there was in their pretensions. The Commission of Senators, it appears, has come to the conclusion that all the mortal remains of Louis XVII., including his heart, are to be found in the old cemetery at Delft, in Holland, and this tomb carries on it to-day an inscription which is a clear contradiction of accepted French history:—

Ici repose
Louis XVII.

Charles-Louis, Duc de Normandie
Roi de France et de Navarre.
Né à Versailles le 27 Mars 1775
Décédé à Delf le 10 Aout 1845.

It appears, further, that the heart of the boy who died in the Temple is in the possession of the son of Don Carlos. At the restoration it was offered to Louis XVIII., who refused it, and after many vicissitudes was at length accepted by Don Carlos. But it is the heart of the substitute, and not of the Princelet who was proclaimed King on his father's death by both Russia and England.

But what of the other hearts? it may be asked. The Senatorial Commission has come to some even stranger conclusions about them. We are informed plainly that nothing is less certain than the authenticity of any of these Royal remains. The hearts of Marie de Medici, Louis XIII., and Henri IV. have all passed since the Revolution through so many hands that it is impossible to know anything about them with certainty.

A strange legend has sprung up about the heart of Louis XIV. It was once asserted, we believe in *Truth*, that the heart of Louis XIV. was brought to England by a priest of the Abbey of St. Denis and given to an ancestor of Colonel Harcourt. The priest declared that he took it from St. Denis at the moment when the revolutionary forces violated the Royal tombs and scattered the sacred remains to the winds. The whole story is founded on a mistake. The heart of Louis XIV. was not in St. Denis at the time of the Revolution. In accordance with a desire of Louis XIV. himself his heart was deposited in the Church of St. Paul and St. Louis, which was the principal Home of the Jesuits in the Rue St. Antoine, where it remained till 1792, when it was taken to Val-de-Grâce. During the restoration a certain person named Petit-Radel presented a dried heart to Louis XVIII. as the heart of Louis XIV. This heart it is which is now in the "Closet of the Hearts." But who can vouch for the truthfulness of Petit-Radel, whose knavery has been established in a pamphlet published by M. du Hausy?

It is not certain then, it is not even probable, that any of the remains in "The Closet of Hearts" are what they pretend to be. There is not one fragment of this history that could stand investigation. It is all uncertain, doubtful, as all things are doubtful and uncertain in this fleeting world.

But till the other day it was supposed that one thing was sure. It was taken for granted that the heart of the great Napoleon at least was in the tomb of the Invalides in Paris. M. Boissy d'Anglas himself puts forward the idea as probable that the little heart-shaped box marked with the initial N, which can still be seen in the famous closet of St. Denis, contains the heart of the great Emperor who without a weapon conquered twenty millions of men in a week. It is known that Napoleon several times in his life expressed the desire that his heart should rest in the famous closet side by side with those of the other French Sovereigns.

But, in spite of the universal wish to believe this, there is no fragment of evidence in its favour, except such inference as can be drawn from the initial "N" on the box, and that is anything but conclusive.

But is it even certain that the heart of Napoleon is with his body in the tomb of the Invalides? Lately even this has been questioned. M. Ch. Flor O'Squarr published a book in 1892, called "*Coulisses de l'Anarchie*," in which he declares that the heart of Napoleon which is in the tomb of the Invalides is not the heart of the great Napoleon at all, but the heart of a sheep. In confirmation of this statement he tells this astonishing story. He says that as a little boy he knew an old English doctor very well, called Charles Thomas Carswell, who had assisted at St. Helena in embalming the Emperor. It is certain that the body of the Emperor was embalmed; for when his remains were conveyed back to France the Prince de Joinville examined the body. The body was intact, we are told; the nails of the feet and hands had grown considerably, and the beard too had grown. But the body, the clothes, the shroud, and even the bier, were all in a state of admirable preservation. Now, is there anything in the story of this Charles Thomas Carswell? It appears he told M. Ch. Flor O'Squarr that he assisted Dr. Antommarchi to lay out and cleanse the body of the Emperor. During the operation of embalment the heart was taken from the body. The whole operation was interrupted because the doctors wanted to go and get their dinner. On their return to the room they found that a rat had eaten the heart of the Emperor. They were all at their wits' ends to know what to do. They were sure to be called over the coals by Hudson Lowe, and to get into trouble with General Bertrand and Madame Montholon. In their extremity Carswell proposed to kill a sheep and put its heart in the place of the Emperor's. This, he declared, was done. This story found some confirmation in an article which appeared in "*Galignani's Messenger*," written by a M. Limot. M. Limot says that forty years earlier he had heard from a Dr. Arnot that a rat had been found eating the heart of Napoleon, that it had been chased away, and that some of the heart had been put back in the body. Is there any truth in this astonishing story? The French papers dealing with the affair are very anxious to get answers to two questions, which it seems to me might well be answered in England:—

First of all, was there in St. Helena in 1821 a man of the name of Charles Thomas Carswell? Secondly, was there any Dr. Arnot at that time associated with Dr. Antommarchi in handling the body of Napoleon?

Whether the story is true or not, it almost makes us question for the moment whether we can even believe that the heart of Napoleon rests as he wished it to rest, on the "banks of the Seine."

But how fantastic is all this history. The Abbey church, the Vault, the Closet of the Hearts of Kings, the stately pedestals, the boxes, some round, some heart-shaped, and within them a few pinches of brown infragant dust, which may or may not be all that remains of the hearts of Marie de Medici and of Henry IV. Known or unknown the dust, what is the difference? To this favour must we all come at last.

But one would like to feel that the heart of Henry IV., that beat so high in love and war, was indeed to be found in the Abbey Church of St. Denis; and one would like to believe that the heart of the great *condottiere* rests there in the gorgeous tomb of the Invalides, fulfilling his own desire, "*aux bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Français que j'ai tant aimé*." For the spirits of these two at least, of Henry IV. and Napoleon, are still with us, and still from the grave inspire and command.

REVIEWS

ART AND REASON

Art's Enigma. By FREDERICK JAMESON. (John Lane. 6s. net.)

THERE are some things which cannot be said too often. Probably the real truth on any subject in any possible region of human thought or experience is so strange and repulsive to the corrupted heart of man that it must be stated and restated over and over again in every age and to every people. Especially is this the case in the region of the Arts, which is necessarily obscure, which requires a vision purged and exalted for its proper apprehension. So it is with very great pleasure that I welcome "Art's Enigma," a collection of essays on the first principles of Art in general, and on the several Arts of Music, Literature, Painting, and Architecture in particular. The author has found a great many important maxims which require expression, and he has expressed them very well. Here are some notable sayings:—

The secret of art's existence and potent charm eludes the reason.

It may be that before reason can even approach the gates, she will have to drop her claim to suzerainty and sue for a humble place in the palace of the imagination.

Music and architecture . . . are unable to express definite thoughts, to preach truth or morality, or to influence action.

Hence the author concludes, very rightly, that the preaching of truth or morality cannot be the aim or the definition of art.

But before going on to a consideration of these admirable and veracious principles, perhaps it would be as well, by the way, to note one or two points which are chiefly matters of definition. It is a good plan before one discusses large questions—or small questions for that matter—clearly to understand the meaning of the terms which one employs. And beginning with the entirely true remarks as to the subordinate position of reason in the human polity, it may be asked what is meant exactly by the word "reason." Mr. Jameson knows what he means, and I know what he means; I am not altogether sure that the word is of general understanding. In the first place, it is to be presumed that the reason in the sense of Coleridge cannot be intended. For S. T. C.'s reason was a symbol for the very highest and most spiritual faculties of man; it is constantly and consistently opposed by Coleridge to the understanding, that inferior power which "puts two and two together," judges of likeness and unlikeness between objects, and marshals and orders the principles and ideas which are set before it. In the terminology of Coleridge the reason would be precisely the faculty to which the Arts would be referred. Clearly, then, Mr. Jameson, in rejecting the reason as witness or judge in the high court of the Arts, does not refer to that supreme reason of Coleridge's philosophy. To what does he refer? Really, I suppose, to that useful drudge the logical understanding, the humble but necessary instrument of the privy council of the soul. Or, rather, the "reason" of "the man in the street" is a compound symbol; it stands partly for the logical understanding, and partly for what one may call the sense of the stomach. When Smith says that he does not see how poetry can justify itself on rational grounds he really means that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," &c., is a statement which involves a contradiction in terms—a melody unheard cannot be a melody—and, secondly, that the uttering of such sentiments does not as a rule lead to positions of emolument,

to material and sensible profit. And, perhaps, in the word "reason" thus employed by Smith there may lurk yet a third nuance—that no man can be cured of wickedness or vice by reading this Ode on a Grecian Urn. Such, then, is "reason" in the common employment of the word; such is the "faculty," or rather conglomeration of misapprehensions and confusions which the author of "Art's Enigma" rightly declares to have no authority or jurisdiction in the matter of Art.

Yet another cavil. Mr. Jameson says that neither music nor architecture can express definite thoughts, or preach truth, or influence action. There is a hint here, I think, of the confusion which beset at times the great æsthetic judgment of Edgar Allan Poe. Poe made the distinction between prose and verse to consist in this: that the object of the former is to convey truth, of the latter to convey beauty. The opposition is false: all fine literature, both in prose and in verse, exists for the sake of beauty; the difference between poetry and prose is radically a difference of form, of the presence or absence of some sort of measure. Of course words are employed for purposes which are quite extraliterary: one sees in the paper the statement that "Amazulus fell from 2½ to 2¼," but this is not truth; this is (we will hope for the credit of the paper) an accurate statement. So, if Mr. Jameson means that the Arts are not designed to give accurate information as to the surfaces of things, he is doubtless quite right; but it is as well to make the distinction between the two sorts of truth quite clear. For all the Arts, including music and architecture, do exist to teach and preach the "true truth," the high eternal verities which are behind all transitory phenomena. Then, again, when we are told that music cannot influence action, we must clearly understand the author to say that it cannot influence action by means of logical persuasion; it is evident, on the authority of such an old-fashioned poem as Dryden's Ode for Saint Cecilia, that music may induce actions of the most varied character. See, too, Boswell:

I told him that it ["music"] affected me to such a degree, as often to agitate my nerves painfully, producing in my mind alternate sensations of pathetick dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears; and of daring resolution, so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle.

But these things, after all, are but quibbles, though I think that they are necessary quibbles, since, as I have said, it is useful to know exactly the meaning of the terms one employs. But, leaving this tediousness of definition and distinction and negation, let us pass on to the author's positive pronouncements. He defines art as "a glimpse, however faint, of relations of things in the universe unperceived by the reason;" he suggests that imagination may probably be defined as "the faculty of seeing what really is"—that is the "true truth," which has been alluded to as contradistinguished from accurate information about surfaces. Here we have the re-enunciation, the justified and laudable re-enunciation, of the dictum that beauty is truth and truth beauty. Art is concerned alone with beauty, and Art is concerned alone with truth; for beauty and truth in the last resort are one and the same thing. But then Mr. Jameson goes on to utter a doctrine which may be, and doubtless is, old in its essence, but which, so far as I know, has never been delivered in such clear terms. He has been discussing the drama, and he notes a very singular fact, which must be an affair of familiar observation to every man who has stood at a theatre door, and has fought or purchased his way to gallery or pit or stalls. The curious fact in question is this, that of one's own free will one pays money to see the dramatic representation of misery and misfortune, mourning and woe; we sit in our places and watch the scenic show of human anguish and

grief and despair—and yet we enjoy ourselves. The tragedy of Hamlet, the doom of Lear, the terrible fate of Desdemona—all these are matters, it seems, which make an evening pass pleasantly. No one can deny that this is so—that the pleasures of tragedy are true pleasures. What is the explanation of the paradox? why do we like seeing an imitation of the sorrows of the world? The answer is, according to the author, that the imagination, the poetic faculty, sees the beauty of sorrow, and beholds the venoms and poisons of life transmuted into precious elixirs in the burning athanor of Art. And then Mr. Jameson continues in this most remarkable and suggestive passage:

Why should not the imagination of mankind, when educated to the poetic level, do the same with tragedy in life?

He might have put the case yet more strongly. Think of the man who plays Lear; how he is in the theatrical show evilly entreated, deprived of his kingdom and of every good; how his own children rise up against him; how he wanders amidst thunders and lightnings and tempests over the wilds of the storm-swept heath; how at last he dies. Tears and despair are on the player's face and in his voice; he utters his lamentations to the heavens; if he be a great actor he has in his soul that curious illusion of woe that seems for the moment to be real. And all the while his true self is unmoved, or, rather, joyful; his kingdom is taken from him, but he knows that the treasurer has a big cheque at his service; his daughters revile him, and he is well aware that his wife awaits him at his true home with a kiss; he shrieks his woe beneath the dreadful blast from heaven, thinking of the warm fire, good welcome, and good wine that are ready in the next street, maybe, when the prompter has signalled "ring down," when the curtain has at last fallen.

And Mr. Jameson suggests that perhaps, if our hearts were lifted up to the true poetic and imaginative places that are on high, we might bear our sorrows and ill-fortunes with the perfect interior content and joy of the actor playing Lear—nay, that we might even revel in our anguish and make the discords of our life into celestial unheard melodies, into the inexpressive nuptial song itself.

In an old ritual there is a certain verse with its respond. One says, *Sursum corda*, and many answer, *Habemus ad Dominum*. The author of "Art's Enigma" has commented on the inner meaning of those two sentences.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

A JOURNALIST'S REMINISCENCES

Anglo-American Memories. By GEORGE W. SMALLEY. (Duckworth and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

SIXTY years ago the pleasant New England townships were unspoiled by the fierce competition, the roar of traffic, the strenuous advertising which form the outward expression of that very modern verb "to hustle;" life in them was simple, dignified, and pleasant. With a page or two of comment upon the different aspect of these once-quiet spots, among which a part of his youth was spent, Mr. Smalley begins his memories. As a Bostonian of the older school, he deplores the change, while admitting that in many cases prosperity follows the commercial spirit; but he wastes little time in vain regrets. In fact, an excellent quality of this volume is the way in which the author gets at the heart of his subject. His various papers have appeared from time to time in the Sunday edition of the New York *Tribune*, and he was wise not to attempt to recast them in any more elaborate literary form; they are a mosaic rather than a picture, and the smartness of contrast is an added charm.

Some introductory remarks upon Yale and Harvard, those centres of American youthful energy, are perhaps more particularly interesting to the citizen of the United States; almost immediately, however, Mr. Smalley plunges into a graphic and thrilling account of the agitation over the slave Anthony Burns, in the year 1854. "The re-enslavement of Burns," he says, "was the liberation of Massachusetts."

Burns was not rescued. He was surrendered, and no man who saw it ever forgot that shameful spectacle, nor doubted that it was the rendition of Anthony Burns which completed the conversion of the Old Bay State from the pro-slavery to the anti-slavery faith. . . . On that Saturday men saw for themselves, and for the first time, what fugitive slave-hunting in Massachusetts really meant, and what degree of degradation it brought. . . . Nothing, not even a Four Years' Civil War for Union and Freedom, not even the blood of heroes and martyrs, will ever quite wash out from the memory of those who saw it the humiliations of that day. It blistered and burnt and left a scar for ever.

The chapter on Richard Dana, author of "Two Years Before the Mast"—the "American Defoe"—begins what we might call the biographical quarter of the volume. Dana and the author crossed the Atlantic together in 1866 on one of the old Cunarders, then considered the height of luxury, and the description of the trip is excellent. From Dana we are brought to a picture of Emerson, whom Mr. Smalley visited in student days. It is pleasant to gain an impression of the citizen, apart from the philosopher; philosophers we are apt to regard as a race apart, aloof from their fellow-creatures, perched on a pinnacle of uncomfortable height. Emerson, however, was no recluse, nor did he disdain his neighbours. "He was the chosen adviser, peace-maker, arbitrator between these hard-headed, practical people of Concord; the man to whom they went with their troubles; the man whose decision in difficult disputes was accepted without demur. He was the possession and the pride of Concord; beloved by the people among whom he lived his life."

This very human aspect of the great adviser of mid-century truth-seekers in America is supplemented by a capital paragraph in the following chapter ("Emerson in England"), in which we get a vivid impression of the orator. Before a huge audience Emerson had precisely the same manner as when he addressed a few hundred people:—

He hardly seemed to be aware of his audience. He stood there behind Parker's desk, towering above it, his slight figure adjusting itself to whatever attitude suited his mood for the moment; never quite erect; the body never quite straight; the hands fumbling with his manuscript; turning over a dozen leaves at a time; turning back again another dozen, as if it scarce mattered in what order he read. . . . He was not always above the arts of the orator. He could, and did, calculate his effects, observing the while whether they told or not. He delighted in a *crescendo*. His voice rose and fell and rose again; and he had unsuspected depths of resonant tone. At one moment clear and cold, then vibrating with emotion, in which the whole force of the man seemed to seek expression; then sometimes at the very end becoming prophetic, appealing, menacing; till the sentences came as if from the Judgment-seat.

Of William Lloyd Garrison Mr. Smalley does not hold a very high opinion, as far as oratory and influence go; "he was a tiresome speaker; he just stood up on the platform and hammered away." Yet he will go down to history as the liberator of the slave, no doubt, with a fame that "rests on generalities." Charles Sumner, on the contrary, is "an American to whom America has paid high honour, but never yet enough;" and we cannot quarrel with the author's

verdict, since he speaks as one who mingled with these men in the height of their fame.

English readers will be especially interested in Mr. Smalley's experiences as a journalist on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. One of his first Civil War despatches was written in the train:—

By the light of the one dim oil-lamp, above my head, standing, I began a narrative of the Battle of Antietam. I wrote with a pencil. It must have been about nine o'clock when I began. I ended as the train rolled into Jersey City by daylight. The office knew that a dispatch was coming, the compositors were waiting, and at six o'clock the worst piece of manuscript the oldest of them had ever seen was put into their hands. But they were good men, and there were proof-readers of genius, and somewhere near the uptown breakfast hour the *Tribune* issued an extra with six columns about Antietam.

Some portions of the inner workings of that war are now made public for the first time, and the whole of this part of the book is fascinating and full of life.

To follow Mr. Smalley's career in detail would require far more space than is at present available. In England, still representing his powerful paper, he met most of the men who count. He also went through some ticklish moments when news was late and the telegraph services were not quite so finely arranged as they are in these days. He was the first journalist to cable regularly a column of topical gossip from London to New York; he was in charge of the European news-bureau—since copied by all the great American journals—during the Franco-German War; and it may be imagined that he has plenty of capital stories to tell. The Countess Bismarck, as well as the Count, figures in these pages; reference is made to Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, whose *Life* was recently reviewed in these columns; and comments on many who have been prominent in social and political spheres conclude a book of exceptionally frank and straightforward writing. The chapter upon King Edward VII. is in the best of taste, and the whole volume, written from the point of view of a good and true Bostonian, will prove a source of thorough enjoyment to all readers who desire new light on subjects and persons of perennial interest.

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS

Essays on Russian Novelists. By WILLIAM LION PHELPS, M.A., of Harvard University. (Macmillan and Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

It is evident that the author of these "Essays" knows more about Russian fiction than about the history or character of the Russian people, for the preface of the first chapter, describing Russian national character as depicted in fiction, leaves much to be desired; in other respects the book is excellent and very useful. When writing of that of which he knows the least he is most bold, but concerning the literature of Russia, on which he has evidently spent much study, he maintains a temperate and unbiassed mind.

Mr. Phelps' contention that "the Japanese War pricked one of the greatest bubbles in history, and left Russia profoundly humiliated," is only in part correct. The same applies to the following comments: "Her armies soundly beaten, her offensive power temporarily reduced to zero, her treasury exhausted, her pride laid in the dust." All these hasty assertions sound very striking and popular, but are unfortunately very questionable. Had Mr. Phelps studied modern politics as diligently as he has studied the modern authors of Russia, he would have known that the

Japanese were probably more anxious to make peace than the Russians after the sanguinary battle of Mukden, which was in reality a Japanese Borodino, or at the most a Pyrrhic victory. They gained the battle, but were practically exhausted by this mighty effort, as far as their regular army was concerned. In the long and terrible struggle they suffered far more than the Russians, who were all the time on the defensive. After Mukden the Russian Army, which had been reinforced by the Guards and the regular forces from the German frontier, was in a far better condition to continue the war than Japan, exhausted by her terrible sacrifices. It is a peculiarity of Russia that when she is defeated she is most dangerous, as the Poles, the Swedes, and Napoleon found out to their cost; for it is only after a serious reverse that she seems able to gather her greatest strength and crush her opponent not by superior generalship, but by the sheer force of numbers, as Napoleon and Charles XII. both learned. It was not the Japanese the Russians feared, but the revolution.

It is perhaps good for humanity that the Russians are not a military race like the French or the Prussians, and that the greatness of Russia, as the writer truly observes, is not to be counted by the number of her fighting men, but rather in her intellectual splendour. In comparing what Russia has achieved in literature and the arts, despite the barbarism from which she is emerging, with America, the author of these essays has taught his countrymen a very useful, wholesome lesson; for, as he truly observes, "the greatness of a nation consists not in its industrial supremacy, but its contributions to literature, art, and all things that count in humanity's intellectual advance." If we compare the intellectual giants Russia has produced during the last fifty years with what America has done, how poor the great American Republic appears!

Whether it is a question of race, of culture, environment, ideals, training, or some other cause, it is an undoubted fact that we older and more cultured nations are not now producing such intellectual giants as Turgenieff, Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, or such untamed geniuses as Gorki, Tchekhoff, and others that could be mentioned. Russian fiction, according to Mr. Phelps, is the best in the world, but concerning Russian poetry, music, and art he is silent, notwithstanding that they will probably, sooner or later, cause us much more surprise and pleasure than the romantic literature, with which we are most at home.

The author's praise of Pushkin is well bestowed; according to the late Professor Charles Edward Turner, M.A., Lecturer of English Literature at the University of St. Petersburg, there are parts of Pushkin equal to Shakespeare. But how little Pushkin, or his great contemporary Lermontoff, the Byron of Russia, is known in England!

Mr. Phelps' appreciation of Gogol, the Dickens of Russia—but a Dickens with poetry and romance—is refreshing; there is little doubt that this great genius, this combination of Dickens, Tom Hood and Walter Scott, all in one, was not only Russia's first great novelist, but the source whence Turgenieff, Tolstoi, and Sinkevitch derived much of their inspiration. "Gorkaya smeyanaya moya ridaniya" ("the bitter laughter of my weeping"), as Gogol expressed his writings—who can ever forget it? Mr. Phelps is astonished that Gogol is so little known in England and America. It is indeed surprising that we know him so little. But the day is probably not far distant when we shall carry his works about in our pockets, just as many Russians do those of our beloved Dickens, for whom they entertain a profound admiration—he reminds them in so many ways of their own great genius of the sunny and bountiful Ukraine.

Mr. Phelps thinks it remarkable that Russia, which has never had a Parliamentary Government, and where political history has been very little influenced by the spoken

word, should have a much finer medium of expression than England, where matters of the greatest importance have been settled by open and public speech for more than three hundred years. Did Mr. Phelps know Russia, he would be aware of the fact that every little village of the hundreds of thousands scattered throughout the Empire has its own little Parliament, where one can hear shock-headed peasants discussing the affairs of their Communes with a wealth of diction a Demosthenes might envy, combined with a wonderful richness of metaphor and simile. Besides the village parliaments, there are the Parish Councils, the District and Provincial Councils, which are excellent training-grounds for public speakers.

The Russian language is so rich, so flexible, powerful and subtle, that some of the Western languages are poor and weak in comparison, especially the Latin tongues. The author is right in saying that Russians are moulded on a large scale, and that the supremacy of Russian fiction is probably connected with the wealth, the subtlety and conciseness and marvellous expressive powers of their language, which ought to be studied in England just as we study French, German, or Latin. The intellectual and material gain that would accrue to the English people from a thorough study of Russian or Slavonic, which is the key to all the Slav tongues, is beyond calculation, and Mr. Phelps does the English and American people a service when he draws attention to the mine of intellectual and spiritual wealth that awaits them in the masterpieces of Russian fiction, without counting the still greater treasures—Russian poetry, folklore, music, art, history and song.

For those who have not the means to purchase the works of the great Russian novelists a study of Mr. Phelps' essays will be extremely useful; by reading them one can quickly obtain a rapid idea of the peculiarities of each writer. It is a pity that his essays do not contain a description of the works of Kondrachenko, Garshin, Potapenko, and Nemerovitch Dachenko, all four of whom are brilliant writers. Although they may not be of the first rank, they would perhaps for that very reason be more popular to the thousands of readers who find the productions of Tolstoi and other literary giants somewhat wearying. The intense gloom which the perusal of these great thinkers causes is perhaps one of the reasons why Russian literature makes such slow headway in England. We hope, then, that Mr. Phelps, should he write another volume on the Russian novelists, will give more attention to the minor writers, who, though not so gifted as the great novelists, would probably be more popular in England and America than the giants of whom he has so ably written.

W. BARNES STEVENI.

EL KAHIRA, THE SPLENDID

Oriental Cairo: the City of the "Arabian Nights." By DOUGLAS SLADEN. (Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.)

THE increasing fashion of hibernating in a warmer clime than England has caused Egypt to be visited annually by larger numbers of travellers, so that Cairo is now as well known as Paris, and Shepherd's Hotel has a world-wide reputation. The practice at any rate throws money into the country, and people know more of Cairo than they ever knew before. But Mr. Sladen, the author of this book, is rightly of opinion that many of the visitors would love to wander about the sights and monuments of the town if they were shown the way, and this is what he has endeavoured to achieve in "Oriental Cairo." Without a complete knowledge of the local guide-books already available it is impossible to say whether there was a demand for such a superior

book requiring to be supplied, but hereafter, for some time to come, this publication is not likely to be surpassed. In the first place it is really useful, as it commences with sufficiently full instructions for a drive of inspection round both the Europeanised and the Oriental portions of the town, and it contains an Appendix of "Artists' Bits in Cairo, with Directions how to find them," for which Mr. Sladen is justified in anticipating that artists may be grateful to him for indicating the streets in which they will find the best subjects in the old Oriental parts of the town. If this plan facilitates their work, it also somewhat diminishes the pleasure of discovery, which used to be worthy of consideration.

But the main portion of the work is devoted intentionally to the Oriental or native town, to which may be regarded as attached the Chronological Table of the Rulers and Monuments of Mediæval Cairo, borrowed from Professor Lane-Poole. This is a formidable list in itself. Any sight-seer would find it a serious task to visit a majority of the monuments still standing. The Appendix on the question whether Cairo is the Real Scene of the "Arabian Nights" is not altogether convincing. The title of the book is "The City of the 'Arabian Nights.'" On the eighth page of the Preface Addressed to the Reader the author calls Cairo "A city" of the Nights. There is all the difference between the expressions, as any scholar or accurate thinker will recognise. There is no question that the manner of life portrayed in the Nights is Mahomedan, and that love, the absolute *abandon* of love (it has been said), is the basis of the bulk of the stories. The *locale* is disputed. Circumstances and characteristics point to Cairo. On the other hand the French Professor Antoine Galland, who two centuries ago made the first translation, obtained his Arabic manuscript from Syria. There are other texts, but did they come from Cairo? The Bagdad Caliph, Haroun Alraschid, figures in the tales. Burton, if we read him rightly, attributes the tales to many composers of several countries extending over hundreds of years, but does not localise the collection as a whole. The case may be left as non-proven, with a presumption in favour of Cairo. The classic work remains a delight for all time, in whatever version—"Galland for the nursery, Lane for the library, Payne for the study, and Burton for the sewers," as one critic has written.

Though "Oriental Cairo" thus refers to the old classic, it is absolutely modern in its descriptions. The history in it is minimised, and there are no political comments. Mr. Sladen mentions that the original capital was not called Cairo by the General who conquered it in 638 for the Caliph Omar, but Fustat, which was afterwards burnt by the Crusaders. Cairo is the city of the Fatimid Caliphs (969-1169), founded as El Kahira, the Splendid (elsewhere the Victorious) in 969; they embellished it greatly, and Saladin, King Richard I.'s antagonist, began the Citadel in 1175. It was Saladin who gave its picturesque form to Joseph's "Well." The Biblical character Joseph, son of Jacob, retains high rank in Egyptian tradition, but Saladin also bore the name of Joseph, still very popular in Egypt, and to him the well is attributed. The tombs of the Caliphs and the Mamelukes, the Slave dynasties, the former outside the town, to the east of the El Azhar Mosque, the University, and the latter at the south-east corner of the town and south of the Citadel, are among the objects of interest on which Mr. Sladen lavishes the highest praise for their intrinsic beauty and the beauty of their setting. But it would be impossible to reproduce, or even refer to, a small part of all the author has to tell of the buildings, the bazaars—"the most picturesque in the world"—the shops, the dragomans, the Zoological Gardens, the Mahomedan funerals, the celebration of holy days and events, the domestic processions, the museums, the humours of the

Ezbekiyah square end of the desert. In no unkindly sense it may be said *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. His account appears to state exactly what he saw and what any one could have seen; exactly what the readers want to know, and to express it all so much better than the ordinary reader could himself have written. This feature is particularly noticeable in the chapters about the Coptic Churches and the Pyramids. Some of the former are in Babylon, the old Roman Citadel in the purlieus of Old Cairo, two miles distant; others are separately grouped. Without an historical account of the Coptic Church there is much told very interestingly about practical Coptic Christianity. So, too, of the Pyramids. Nothing but a personal visit will really do justice to the Pyramids and the Sphinx near them; nor can the grandeur of the former be thoroughly appreciated until one at least has been ascended and an interior explored. Any experienced traveller will concur with Mr. Sladen when he says, "The Pyramids are to Cairo what the Forum is to Rome. They are of the highest beauty and the highest antiquity. It is as impossible not to be astonished by the Falls of Niagara or the Dam of Assuan, and you can see the great Pyramids of Gizeh, which to most people stand for all the Pyramids, from any eminence in Cairo." He tells, and tells agreeably, all that the reader will care to learn, or can retain in his memory, of the Pyramids, of Memphis, the ancient capital, with the colossal images of Rameses the Great, and of the tombs and Pyramids at Sakkara, perhaps the best, as the oldest of them all. Mr. Sladen "grew very fond of the Sphinx," "the most extraordinary piece of sculpture ever wrought by human hands." "The Egyptian Sphinx is a man, though the Sphinx of the Greek Thebes was a woman. It is odd that the various nations cannot agree about the sex of things like the Sun and the Sphinx. The German gives his Sun the feminine gender and his Moon the masculine, while the English always write about the Moon as a sentimental spinster when they are trying to write literature. The great Sphinx at Gizeh seems to be of the same sex as a prison-matron. Its sex is lost in its pitiless, stony glare. Most people are agreed that its expression is repulsive; none dispute that the pose of its head is as majestic as anything in Nature. Its body is rather insignificant."

Cairo is Oriental enough for anybody, after seeing it, to dispense with visiting the further East; with Mr. Sladen's delightful book in his hands, he could form a very good idea of it without even visiting Oriental Cairo.

MOLIÈRE IN DIALECT

The Kiltartan Molière. Translated by LADY GREGORY.
(Maunsel and Co., Dublin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE matter of translation is ever a perplexed question. We were reading the other day an approved translation of a well-known modern French writer, and an instance arose that illustrated one of the chief difficulties of a translator, and at the same time served to illuminate some of the more noteworthy excellences of these "translations" by Lady Gregory. We happened at the time to have in memory the original, and therefore our attention was on the look-out for some of the chief beauties of the passages in question. In nearly every case the result was disappointing. The important matter was, however, that the fault lay, not with the translator—or, if with the translator, only with him in the secondary sense—but in the very difficulty of translation. Certain subtle ironies in the French defy translation into English. Then the problem faces the translator, for, if he determines to be faithful to his original, he cannot convey

the sense; whereas, if he determines to convey the sense, he must transfer the passages in question to an equivalent in the other tongue, and this must often mean unfaithfulness to his text.

Lady Gregory calls these plays of hers translations from Molière. Their very excellence happens to be that they are not translations, but versions. She has "lifted" each play in turn from Molière's French into idiomatic English, the idiom being largely that of County Galway. The three plays she has treated in this way are: "L'Avare," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" and "Les Fousberies de Scapin." Her choice of plays is instructive. As Professor Maurice Gerotwohl says, we could scarcely imagine "Le Misanthrope," with its subtle comedy of manners, being treated in the same way; the result would not fail to jar. Even as it is, it must be confessed that "L'Avare" itself is sometimes but a doubtful success. It certainly does not come out so well in the process as "Scapin." But then Scapin is himself largely in transit by way of Molière, having stepped through his situations first away back in Terence.

Lady Gregory does not herself make any claim for these "translations" of hers. It is an appended "note" by W. B. Yeats that speaks of them as having been rendered in "some Irish dialect." In point of fact, however, there is not a very great deal of dialect about them. The dialect is always there by way of suggestion—that is to say, the cadence of the sentences has always a hint of idiomatic speech, and often a definite richness of brogue; but it is only a question of suggestion. Many pages may be read without a thought of dialect, the simplicity of sentence-construction being merely a matter of refinement. It is only when some excitement breaks this construction that the very voice of the Galway peasant sings through, and then rather in the poise of the sentence than in the phraseology. As thus: "That one to be meddling with love! What the hell is he thinking about? Is it a joke he is going to put on the world? Is it that love was made for the like of him?" Here it is possible to hear the same source of music that gave J. M. Synge his richer and fuller harmonies.

The difficulty of translating Molière is not only one of language. It is the deeper question of theatrical device. For Molière has become associated in the mind with the Comédie Française at Paris. There Molière has become a cult, tradition having handed down the manner of acting and speaking Molière's plays until his comedy is now as far from life as is farce itself. All characterisation is refined away, and it needs almost a special education to be able to discover the necessary point of view. It is obvious, then, that to translate such drama as his is impossible: the only method of procedure is to lift each play bodily into another language. But since the ordinary speech of modern English comedy (if much of it can be dignified by that classic term) is steeped in its own conventions and wrapped in its own traditions, having itself drifted further and further away from life, modern English comedy is an impossible vehicle for Molière. Then there remains only dialect. Yet one shudders to think of "L'Avare" in the average dialects prevalent in England. In fact, were it not for the fact that the purity, richness, and strength of spoken English is still kept fresh, fragrant, and musical, with all the suppleness of strength, in the South and West of Ireland (as let Synge witness!), Molière would be impossible to render in English unless one went back to Elizabethan prose.

It is this that makes us realise the true worth of these translations of Lady Gregory. It is perhaps not too much to say that one has to choose between these versions—or translations, whichever one likes to call them, so long as the looser meaning is clearly held before the mind—or the delicate French of the original. And, since the original French is unhappily a closed book to many, Lady Gregory

must be turned to, or Molière must remain a stranger—and that would be a thousand pities.

As to the translations themselves, "The Miser," the longest of the three plays, is also the subtlest of them, and the version adopted sometimes fails to fit to its delicacy. It is one of the faults of dialect that it is not susceptible to delicacy; it is the speech of those who deal with the broader aspects of life and therefore is opposed to delicacy. "The Doctor in Spite of Himself" is admirable; its whimsicality suits the medium as to the manner born, and for this reason is even better than the cruder "Rogueries of Scapin." The three plays, indeed, display some diversity in comedy, and in all of them the hint of dialect is a considerable aid to the spirit of comedy. One fault we have to find is that the stage directions are frequently not incorporated in the text, and this makes for considerable confusion. Despite this, Lady Gregory is to be congratulated on her idea, and even more to be congratulated on the undeniable success of its achievement.

THE REAL FRANCE

The Real France. By LAURENCE JERROLD. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

WE have here a book by a writer who has a thorough knowledge of his subject, for Mr. Jerrold has been connected with France virtually all his life, is married to a French lady, and has been responsible, for several years past, for much of the Paris correspondence of the *Daily Telegraph*. The work is also one of real literary ability, such as was to be expected from a member of a family in which literary ability has been hereditary since the days of that brilliant wit Douglas Jerrold, who was Mr. Laurence Jerrold's great-grandfather. Both his grandfather, Blanchard, and his father, Evelyn Jerrold, were known to the present reviewer personally during the many years when he also was resident in France; but it is in no degree on account of old family friendships that he now commends the perusal of "The True France" to English readers, but by reason of the book's genuine merits, and because his own intimate knowledge of French affairs enables him to say that Mr. Jerrold's facts are always correct and his views invariably sound.

Linked as this country is to France by ties of friendship and important political considerations, it is most desirable that English people should have a full and accurate knowledge of French institutions and of the men who direct the Republic's policy. The first half of Mr. Jerrold's book is allotted to political subjects and personages. Of the former he writes in a manner which will greatly enlighten many English readers respecting the trend of events in France; and the latter he portrays with a vivid artistry, which enables one to see the men as they really are, and, what is more, to understand them. All the chief political leaders of recent years figure in Mr. Jerrold's pages—Presidents Loubet and Fallières, M. Clemenceau, M. Briand, M. Delcassé, M. Jaurès, M. Doumer, and others; their portraits being set in what is, to all intents and purposes, an account of the evolution of the Republic since the days of the Dreyfus case. Our author shows that its principal men, and the bulk of the nation also, have abandoned all those ideas of a policy of mock heroics which were current in former times, and are resolutely intent on pursuing practical common-sense courses. There is just some slight criticism to be offered respecting Mr. Jerrold's vivacious narrative. The dates are few and far between, and we think it would have been of advantage to many English readers had he increased their number. We are sorry also that the book contains only two chapters on provincial France—one on the

Black Country, otherwise the mining district of Courrières, and the other on the White Country, Lourdes. Of the real conditions of life and the opinions now prevailing in the French provinces, among the *bourgeoisie* of the towns, the working-classes of the industrial centres, and the peasantry of the rural districts, the average Englishman knows little or nothing; and in this respect Mr. Jerrold has an opportunity for doing further good work if he only cares to undertake it.

In the present volume, after the chapter on Lourdes, which will, we think, rid a good many people of sundry illusions, our author brings us back to Paris, this time to follow the evolution of literature there and to study the present state of the French stage. We remember that Emile Zola, in addressing a gathering of Paris students some twenty years ago, expressed great alarm at the sudden rise of mystical and symbolical literary schools, whose tendency was less towards real religion than towards what is usually called the occult. Huysmans, Maeterlinck, Tolstoi, and the *Sâr Péladan*—though the last-named often came in for considerable derision—were among those who exercised varying degrees of influence on that movement, into which there entered, besides a certain amount of religiosity and occultism, a dash of the spirit of the old romances of chivalry, and a seasoning of Emerson's philosophy, the whole powdered over with dreamy idealism and metaphysics. There were, of course, various subdivisions of those Mystic and Symbolist schools, which recruited their partisans among members of the younger generations—"Les Jeunes," as they called themselves. Incalculable quantities of prose and verse flowed from their pens, and they were great in the number and the variety of their *Reviews*. Mr. Jerrold was one of the "Jeunes" himself, and he relates in a most interesting, and at times a very amusing, manner the story of their successive evolutions and the ultimate downfall of literary mysticism and symbolism. His pages constitute, indeed, a valuable record of a movement which, although of no very great duration, may be accounted one of the most curious in the history of French letters. Further, he shows us what has become of "Les Jeunes"; he portrays their heirs, the revival of orthodox Roman Catholicism among them, and their attitude towards politics and social matters, as well as towards literature.

On the subject of the French stage Mr. Jerrold writes with authority, for he has made a particular study of it, and he shows how many changes have taken place since the days of Augier, Dumas fils, Pailleron, and Sardou. He passes in review all the chief playwrights of the present time, and explains and contrasts their various methods. The pages on Capus, Mirbeau, Lavedan, Hervieu, Lemaitre, and Donnay, and particularly those in which he dissects the art of Bernstein and that of Bataille, are particularly good. From the authors he passes to the players, explaining both their merits and their faults, and laying stress on the absolutely natural style of acting, so different from the old-fashioned staginess, on which a Parisian audience now insists. Such, then, is Mr. Jerrold's book, and we may add that we have not found a dull page in it; for even when the author is dealing with politics the brightness and vivacity of his style, combined with his strong sense of humour, prevent him from becoming in any degree prosy.

CHINA'S INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

The International Relations of the Chinese Empire. By HOSEA BALLOU MORSE. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 20s. net.)

MR. H. B. MORSE, who is the author of such scholarly works as "The Trade and Administration of the Chinese Empire," "The Guilds of China," "Currency in China," &c., has dedi-

cated the present volume to Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of Chinese Imperial Customs and Posts. Mr. Morse has collected together a vast amount of material dealing with China's international relations during the Period of Conflict, 1834-1860. Such subjects as Taxation, Jurisdiction, Opium, War, and Negotiations, and numerous other matters, are discussed in a learned and exhaustive manner. Our best historians have usually had a bias of some sort; but Mr. Morse's attitude is nearly always impartial. Where most writers would take the opportunity of denouncing, let us say, the opium traffic in China, the present author chiefly relies on statistics, and touches upon the moral issue in the mildest way possible. We might almost say that he is first a statistician and second a historian, a chronicler of hard facts scarcely ever illumined with a humanitarian touch.

It is perhaps a pity that in a volume of nearly seven hundred pages the writer has seen fit to eliminate nearly everything that was beautiful and quaint in the Chinese Court life and elsewhere. When Will Adams went to Japan he certainly established international relations, even if we only regard him as the pioneer of the Japanese Navy; but his letters to England were rich in picturesque references to the scenes he saw about him. Mr. Morse, however, does not concern himself with such matters. His aim has been "to give the events of the period such relative importance as they deserve; to lay no undue stress on picturesque episodes, even though they might help to lighten the narrative; and, knowingly, to omit none of those minor occurrences which, dull and uninteresting though they might be, were still important elements in moulding the opinions and guiding the actions of the principal actors on the scene. It has further been his aim to give an original authority or to cite a reference for every statement made, the truth or completeness of which might in any way be questioned." These remarks are amply borne out in the closely packed pages that follow. For our part we should have been grateful for a picturesque touch now and again that "might help to lighten the narrative." The Book of History is not the dulllest book in the world; it is the most fascinating because the most human book that was, or ever will be, written. The present volume is pre-eminently for the student, and from this point of view, and not from the reviewer's, who hungers after a literary oasis, it is an authoritative work on the subjects with which it deals.

The opening chapter is concerned with the Government of China. And what a maze of complexities that Government appears to be! The question of administration in China is the very antithesis of our own. The romantic stories of the Chinese Dragon fade away, but the Dragon remains, a huge monster with the Chinese equivalent for Officialdom written all down its far-reaching back. There are no Budgets in China (but there is a land-tax without a Form Four!), no public account of moneys used in the various departments. So long as the tax-collectors of the provinces contribute a certain sum to the central administration they are open to indulge in all manner of corrupt practices. This Chinese Dragon has a wonderful way of winking! Mr. Morse writes:—"Every Chinese official takes for himself, without question, the interest on his official balances," and reminds us that the English Paymasters of the Forces, up to the time of Pitt, were guilty of similar conduct.

Mr. Morse deals at considerable length with the early foreign relations; with the coming of the Spanish, Dutch, English, French, American, and Russian traders. It is surprising to find, after the formation of the Co-hung, a guild of Cantonese merchants who protected their own trade at the disadvantage of the foreigner, that the trader from over-seas should have prospered at all. There was such a network of taxes, such exasperating delays with the middle-man, such restrictions of every kind that it seemed ironical

for English and American traders to stand out for fair trade without favour. But that fair trade without favour was a long time coming. It came after twenty-five years' struggle to decide "on what conditions the relations between East and West should exist." After three wars we are told that "the Chinese learned, and they accepted as their law, that whereas formerly it was China which dictated the conditions under which International relations were to be maintained, now it was the Western nations which imposed their will on China."

BERNINI

Les Maîtres de l'Art: Le Bernin. By MARCEL REYMOND.
(Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.)

If books of literary criticism are pitfalls for the ordinary reader, those of artistic criticism are a fearful yawning chasm. Books on books tend eventually to emasculate the judgment; books on pictures disfigure it, and denaturalise it from the outset. This is because the models are, in the first case, potentially at any rate, to hand, while in the second they are rarely accessible except at long intervals. Reproductions in all the degrees, from good to indifferent, may mitigate the evil; but the whole business of artistic criticism, of artistic history even, is bad or at least dangerous, being in truth but the shadow of a shade:—

This I have thought that another man thought of a carl in Norrwoy.

We must hasten to add, in case we may have laid ourselves open to misconstruction, that we are far from applying this somewhat arbitrary dictum, with all its consequences, to M. Reymond's book. All the moral we would wish to draw is that, to profit by the study, it is necessary to go or to have been to Rome, where the text of it is to be found almost in its entirety. "All roads lead to Rome," and Bernini is by no means the least attractive of the routes. We may add that M. Reymond is one of the best of guides; he has all the Gallic clearness of thought and exposition, and he has the inestimable quality of enthusiasm, controlled by the sanest of judgments. The illustrations are perfectly admirable, and come as near as is possible to fulfilling their task as object-lessons for his thesis.

Bernini is one of the victims of the vicissitudes of taste. After a period of perhaps exaggerated praise, when he was Michael Angelo revisiting the glimpses of the moon, he suffered a period of proportionate eclipse, at any rate on this side of the Alps. M. Reymond comes on a wave of rehabilitation to demonstrate conclusively that Bernini was a very great genius, one of the greatest geniuses of Italy, in fact—for we always come back to that—a second Michael Angelo. The function of "Advocatus Diaboli" was held in commission by the French painters of the Classical school—the school represented by David—the school that neglected the first and greatest commandment of the law—that Art must be catholic. They said either that Bernini had had no influence on seventeenth-century Art, especially French Art, or that he had exercised great influence, with the result that the Art of the seventeenth century was all bad. The operation of the cycle in artistic and literary taste is enough to make us forswear all pretensions to taste.

M. Reymond has shown the influence of the cycle on Bernini in a sequence of illuminating pages. We will content ourselves with quoting one sentence, which summarises his conclusions: "L'art de la Renaissance était un art de grands seigneurs, l'art du dix-septième siècle est un art populaire." The critical method followed is largely that consecrated by Taine, but there is a very interesting exten-

sion of the theory; the influence of the "milieu" is made to extend to taste in appreciation as well as in creation.

There is one point in which Bernini undoubtedly belongs to the race of the giants, and through which he may seem to have the power to silence the latter-day critic; it is vitality, or many-sidedness. He was sculptor, architect, and painter, a marvellously versatile genius, and if of somewhat smaller stature than Leonardo or Michael Angelo, still a giant among the men of after-days. A certain dualism both in æsthetics and morals makes him occasionally seem very modern, but the essence belongs to more spacious times. The work by which he stands or falls as artist is no less than Rome itself. Our usual conception of the city, according to M. Reymond, is the city as made by Bernini. He has left his mark everywhere, from the nave of St. Peter's (most of the side decorations, the High Altar, and the pulpit of St. Peter behind it) to the Triton fountain and the Barberini palace. "Rome and Bernini are in fact the same." The catalogue of his works in Rome is enormous. Among his discoveries may be mentioned the treatment of human flesh under pressure from without, and his application of curves to the ornamentation of classical architecture. We question whether he is much known in England, but he nearly came here, and actually executed a bust of Charles I. A trait of his is worth signalling: he made his models for sculpture walk about instead of posing. A story against him is that of the too-little draped Truth that figured as a supporter of the tomb of Alexander VII.: "Though generally Truth is unattractive, this Truth was too attractive," was the verdict of a contemporary.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Norwegian and other Fish Tales. By BRADNOCK HALL. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

For those who have been there already, and for those who only hope to go there some day, there is a great fascination about Norway, with its mysterious valleys, its wonderful rivers, and its simple, laborious people. Much of this charm is reflected in the pages before us, colouring the descriptions of holiday-life in a quiet valley, and adding a flavour to the stories which makes them uncommonly good reading.

"When we return to England," writes the author, "we always speak of 'roughing it' in Norway to interest our friends and excite their envy and admiration, but, as a matter of fact, nothing could be more comfortable—I mean for the kind of person who goes there." The fish, the wild raspberries, and the simple life all sound attractive; and people who have been to Norway once, especially anglers, seldom fail to repeat their visit. Even in these commonplace days the unforeseen always, or nearly always, exists, and it is the salt of angling. The angler is ever on the look-out for adventures. "Firstly, the angler feels a distinct sense of disappointment after a day's fishing which gives no result beyond exactly what was expected; and, secondly, 'fish tales,' though common, and often literally true, are so curious and noteworthy that they pass for fables amongst the vulgar." Captious critics may cavil, and they will, at the "fish tale," which represents, as it were, the mean between the possible and the impossible.

Such tales should be a little more than fact and less than fiction. As a rule they sound better than they read, and lose something of their probability when set down in cold print. But Bradnock Hall is an adept at writing fish tales, as he has proved already in a former book, "Fish-tails, and some True Ones," and here anglers and others will find some capital stories written by a genuine humorist. It may be that they would not all bear strict investigation; but it is a

poor fish that cannot grow out of water; and angling authors do sometimes take themselves too seriously at the present day. In the time of Walton, when jolly anglers met together after a day's sport, they were wont to sing ballads or catches; now they tell stories, and "the stream of comparative anecdote" is let loose when pipes are lighted round the fire. But good fishing stories are not too common, and it is refreshing to come across such tales as Bradnock Hall has gathered together in this little book.

Would you know how the guard of a Scotch express lands a salmon for a noble lord in a hamper fetched from the signal-box while the train is waiting; how an umbrella, if full of holes, may be utilised as a landing-net; how a policeman was once foul-hooked in the nose by the major; or what sport a *muggah*, or crocodile, will show when fished for with an anchor baited with a pariah-dog? For all these stories and many more you must apply to Bradnock Hall.

From fishing in Norway we pass to Devonshire, after a day on the Colne at Fairford, and conclude with five brace of fish caught during a snowstorm in a Hungarian lake. There are sixteen illustrations, chiefly of Norwegian scenery. From this it will be plain that the contents of the book are sufficiently varied to suit the most jaded palate. The part that pleases us least is the chapter on Books. It is a pity to treat our old angling authors flippantly, and they are decidedly out of place in this very entertaining book.

Les Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871: Recueil de Documents Publié par le Ministre des Affaires Étrangères, Tome III., 10 Mai 1864—31 Juillet 1864. (Gustave Ficker, Paris.)

"Ex pede Herculem." With the third volume only covering two months of 1864, it is impossible not to wonder what will be the dimensions of this work when July, 1870, is eventually reached. And yet for a true account of 1870 the events from 1863 onwards are essential material. If public interest needed a stimulus for the appreciation of these documents, it was supplied by the problem of the publisher's nationality, which has given rise to an interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies.

The present volume deals with the later stages of the negotiations between the Powers relative to Schleswig-Holstein. It is a confused story, but eloquent in its lessons. On the one hand the strong purpose of Prussia, inspired by Bismarck, on the other a chaos of nebulous aspirations. The conduct of Prussia gives continuity to the episode. The French Diplomatic Agent at Kiel early notes in Holstein that in the middle of the fighting and negotiations "tout ce que la Prusse a fait ici est fait pour rester." Of English statesmen Lord Clarendon had already marked the drift of affairs; he emitted the opinion that the Conference of London "would become the laughing-stock of Europe if it permitted Prussia to enrich herself with the spoils of Denmark." To humour the Conference, Prussia, with her cat's-paw Austria, made proposals of such vagueness that "none of the members could gather what they meant," whereby valuable time was gained. Finally the diplomacy of the neutral Powers was shown in its absolute futility by the Prussian occupation of the whole of the two Duchies, and the inevitable surrender of Denmark, while the seal was placed on the matter by the consecrated formula of Bismarck, "We intended that the blood of our brave soldiers should not have been spilt in vain." The Danes who suffered were not above reproach, but their chief fault was to be the weaker side.

It is perhaps not very widely known how near England was to war with Prussia at one stage of the negotiations.

Bismarck remarked to the English Ambassador that war might easily be declared by England in a fortnight; and Sir Andrew Buchanan told him that he was well informed. A curious hazard has ordained that the last piece in the volume should be a dispatch from the Duc de Gramont, containing the only general reflections in this correspondence. His remarks are wise in their application to the past, and of an intuition almost prophetic as regards the future.

Manual of Library Bookbinding, Practical and Historical. By HENRY T. COUTTS and GEORGE A. STEPHEN. (Libraco, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

COMPARATIVELY few people who spend their leisure hours in diligent reading, we suppose, are familiar with the various complicated processes that go towards the making of a book. We do not refer to the involved psychological feats of the author's brain, the acrobatic achievements of the expert intellect, the expression by means of accumulated rules of grammar and syntax (sometimes, alas! without them) of what the writer has seen and thought; we mean the actual manufacture of the thing which the reader holds in his hand. Mr. George Stephen, whose lecture before the Royal Society of Arts we recently summarised, has produced in collaboration with Mr. H. Coutts an exposition of the science of bookbinding which should take its place as a standard work on the subject, and the uninitiated person into whose hands it may fall will be amazed at the number of conditions which have to be considered before a book can be satisfactorily and thoroughly bound and delivered to the public.

The probable popularity of a book, its size and weight, the quality of its paper, and numerous minor points have to be discussed as preliminaries; thus into the scheme of this manual many accessory subjects necessarily enter: paper-making, the various kinds of leather, their preservation and durability, the question of decoration, covers and edges—these are but a few of the details touched upon. "Book-repairing" has a section which will interest every possessor of a library, however modest, and the practical hints upon the removal of stains of every description will be found most useful.

The second portion of the volume is devoted to the history of bookbinding, and is excellently illustrated. Specimens of leather, linen, canvas, and vellum in various colours and textures are also included, and a full glossary of technical terms will assist the lay reader. Special attention is given by the authors to problems of library bookbinding, and examples are offered of the most suitable printed forms to be used as a check on volumes gone to the "hospital" for treatment. Both Mr. Stephen and his colleague are to be congratulated on the production of a useful and copious handbook to an art which is little understood by those who most constantly profit by it.

Five Hundred Miles in Somerset. By B. PARKER WILLCOX. (Clifton: J. Baker and Son. 1s. net.)

IN the Introduction to his little book, "Five Hundred Miles in Somerset," Mr. Willcox has not thought it necessary to inform us for what purpose he has caused an account of the ten rambles undertaken by himself and his friend to be put into print. He does not appear to have dealt with any portion of this beautiful county at all in an original manner. The description of the scenery is in most cases very poor, for, except for the fact that we are many, many times assured that it is "sylvan," the rambles mainly consist of very hasty scampers through woods and lovely lanes in order to

reach and descant on such well-known places as Glastonbury, Wells, &c. The language used is often very stilted, and ordinary events are related in a manner which surely neither belongs to "Zummerzet," nor to "that overgrown monster called London with . . . millions of physically-stunted inhabitants, whose deterioration seems to be proclaimed even by their squeaky and attenuated brogue." For instance, it is not sufficient for Mr. Willcox to say that a cart-wheel ran over a snake. No; it "yielded up its life to the pressure of a cart-wheel," and he thereupon goes on to refer to the "subtle serpent" and "the entrance of moral evil into the world." Again, being rather weary after ramble the first, the two travellers cannot ask the booking-clerk for a couple of tickets in the ordinary way, but "have a small transaction with the railway company." We do not, however, wish to be too hard on Mr. Willcox and his efforts to interest us in his journeys through one of the most lovely parts of Western England; doubtless the relating of them has given pleasure both to himself and his many friends and acquaintances, and if the "gentle reader" of the metropolis fails altogether to appreciate the little effusion, probably Mr. Willcox will console himself with the fact that the "choking fogs and malignant microbes" have somewhat dwarfed his perception of what is right and proper to admire.

An Account. By ERICA COTTERILL.

THIS slim volume, which bears no publisher's name, and is dedicated to Mr. George Bernard Shaw, is divided into two parts. The first, of sixty-eight pages, is undivided by chapters, and the second is in the form of a three-act play. Both, read at a sitting, are calculated to leave the victim on the verge of hysteria and not far short of blasphemy. It is safe to assert that never since that auspicious and dreadful day when Caxton set up his first page of type has there been printed any farrago of words so phantasmagoric. "An Account," of what? Of a hideous dream, a nightmare? Or is it possible that a band of imps stood behind the printers of this strange, incoherent thing, and transposed words and sentences, commas and semi-colons? Here are sixty-eight more or less closely-printed pages not all about nothing, which, if written Gilbertianly, might very easily be taken for a characteristic effusion from the prolific pen of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, but all about something—all about something that seems to matter tremendously to the writer who is so much in earnest and apparently so intensely afraid that what she has to say should never be put into print, that she has made an elaborate acrostic of her subject, a Chinese puzzle, a Hampton Court maze, a tangled skein of perplexing words to disentangle which would require the patience of Job. Of the so-called play which forms the second part of the book much the same must be said. It is a masterpiece of chaos, a pure gem of incoherence, an unique example of how not to write. It is difficult to come to any other conclusions than that Miss Erica Cotterill has wilfully performed this feat of word-puzzling from the fact that there are one or two exquisite bits of description hidden away in the book, or that it was written expressly for the edification of Mr. Shaw. In any case "An Account" cannot be recommended to the general reader. Life is altogether too short for it.

Theology for Parents. By EIRENE WIGRAM. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

A WELL-KNOWN dignitary of the Church had to prepare for Confirmation the son of a great statesman, and found his work much helped by the careful teaching the boy had

received from his mother. *O si sic omnes!* For the religion of most public schools, though wholesome, is largely conventional. Certainly, for the definite teaching of the Faith "the final responsibility lies with the parents," as the writer of this most valuable manual justly observes. "Parents are responsible for the choice of a school: it is their part to watch and, if need arise, supplement the education given at school." But the real foundation must be laid before children go to school, and some guide is necessary. In this book will be found useful essays on First Principles, on the Creed, the Church and the Catechism, and the New Testament. With a strong, definite faith, the writer's breadth of treatment may be inferred in a quotation from Lord Kelvin—"Do not be afraid of free-thinking, for if you think strongly enough you will be forced by science to a belief in God." We heartily recommend these essays to all parents who value the spiritual development of their children, and who desire clear guidance for simple instruction in the Christian Faith.

FICTION

The White Peacock. By D. H. LAWRENCE. (Heinemann. 6s.)

HITHERTO we have only known Mr. D. H. Lawrence as being one of the many interesting poets discovered by the *English Review*. Henceforth we shall certainly know him as the author of "The White Peacock," for it is beyond all argument an admirable and astonishing piece of work. We use the word "astonishing" advisedly, for, like most new books of uncommon merit, "The White Peacock" surprises even while it charms. There are pages in it that made the present reviewer, a sophisticated and disillusioned reader of novels, lay down the book and rub his eyes in wonder at the author's individuality and courage. It is no very new story that he has to tell. That a young woman should encourage two young men at once, and should end by marrying the wrong one, is possibly even more frequent in fiction than in life. Again, that the slighted lover should thereon marry beneath him and take to drink is only in accordance with the best traditions of the ingenuous school of novelists. But in the hands of Mr. Lawrence this old theme is quickened with new life. The action takes place in the rural districts of Nottinghamshire, and it would hardly be fanciful to say that Nature is the protagonist of the drama, and that the author has drawn her character with uncommon care. We realise her in all her moods, and she is as interesting as she is convincing.

Nor has the author taken less pains with the drawing of those special manifestations of Nature that are called men and women. The heroine is a delightful picture of a lively, clever girl, who likes excitement of all kinds, and especially the rather dangerous excitement of leading passionate men on to making passionate love. Mr. Lawrence's unravelling of this heedlessness is almost uncanny in its shrewdness. But his greatest success is the character of George, the farmer-lover, whose defeat and degradation supply the book with its motive. This is a really masterly study of passion, now wordless and pitiful, now strung to its utmost intensity of self-expression when the man realises his weakness, and his own words hurt him like blows. Lettie loves his physical strength and the completeness of his submission, and, wisely enough, according to her lights, marries the other man because his money and social position make him a more suitable match. It is clever of Mr. Lawrence to compel us to sympathise both with George and Lettie. We are made to feel that they are both hard driven by their natures, and are not to be blamed for the inevitable catastrophe. But, in truth, of all the many characters in the book, there is not one

who does not move within the bounds of our sympathy; the men are men, the women women, and the children, who appear all too rarely, are such children that we hope the author will be more generous of them in his next work.

Apart from the characterisation the book would stand by its vivid pictures of a country life that is new to us, where, side by side with the primitive roughness that lingers wherever men and women till the soil, the new ideas have taken root and are apparently about to flourish. The author treats of the primitive with praiseworthy frankness, and there is no denying the interest of the spectacle of a young farmer looking at Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations for the first time. It is apparent to us that Mr. D. H. Lawrence is one of those rare writers who intends only to tell the truth as he sees it, and nothing but the truth. As a consequence he has given us a book of considerable achievement and infinite promise.

The Broad Highway. By JEFFERY FARNOL. (Sampson Low and Co. 6s.)

IT is possible that Mr. Jeffery Farnol has not read "Lavengro," or that, having read it, he had yet no idea of making his present hero a recreation of George Borrow's romantic picture of himself. Yet Lavengro was an unusual person, not to be confounded with the common ruck of men, and it would be hard to believe that one who reflects many of his characteristic traits so closely as does Peter Vibart should have no connection with him. Firstly, as if to clinch the matter, Mr. Farnol has put his hero in the same epoch, amid similar scenes, and has made him what Lavengro was above all things—a wanderer. So good a reflection of Lavengro is Peter Vibart, indeed, that he possesses the same disabilities as that romantic but inestimable person. Mr. Farnol tries to fill him with a great love-passion, but the thing is impossible; the man who loves Charmian in the second part of "A Broad Highway" is not the Peter Vibart of the first half, but an ordinary moonstruck hero of sentimental romance, a creature of hothouse moods and unnatural speeches.

For the detailed account of his adventures we must refer the reader to the book itself, and he will be a person of very jaded appetite indeed who does not relish the freshness, the quietness, and the queer Borrow touch about Peter's encounter with the boastful pugilist, "Cragg by name and craggy by nature," and with the farmer who coveted his waistcoat, but with whom Peter refused to breakfast because his would-be host could not believe that that magnificent article of attire had cost 40s. in London. Then there was the affair of the insolent dandies, the duel in which Peter for the first time caught a distant glimpse of his cousin, the rescue of a damsel in distress from two offensive abductors, and her restoration to her lover, the meeting with the madman who was dogging Peter with murderous intent, and many other roadside happenings.

With the opening of the second part comes the entry of Charmian into the haunted cottage, on a night of storm, and pursued by Maurice Vibart. With him Peter does furious battle in the darkness, and at length sends him away unconscious in his own post-chaise. With these events, too, comes the degeneration of the story in manner though not, perhaps, in plot. The old solemn Borrow touch is gone, and with it the subtly humorous conversations and the atmosphere of pure romance. In their stead we have all the feverishness and over-rapidity of the second-rate sensational writer. The love passages of Charmian and Peter are forced and wearisome, and the doings of Black George, when maddened by jealousy, are told with that gloomy extravagance which suggests disordered nerves in the writer. Mr. Farnol regains

something of his former quiet incisiveness in narrating Peter's escape from justice, when, the madman having at last found and killed his enemy, Peter suspects Charmian of the crime, and takes it upon himself; but the end, with its almost hysterical reconciliation of Peter and Charmian, who is, of course, the Lady Sophia Sefton of Cambourne, is but feeble stuff. It is impossible not to regret deeply the defects of the second half of Mr. Farnol's book, yet the first half is really very good. It is fine work of an uncommon order, and not merely a promise of future worth. We judge Mr. Farnol to be a young writer, and we do not at all regret his occasional crudeness, since it is merely undisciplined strength. But he must learn to avoid the feverish touch; that more than anything is death to true romance.

The Third Wife. By HERBERT FLOWERDEW. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

It will be remembered that Mr. Flowerdew obtained some distinctly favourable reviews for his earlier books, "The Second Elopement" and "The Ways of Men," and undoubtedly he has the gift of a facile imagination in the weaving of light romances. In his latest work, "The Third Wife," he has chosen for his heroine a young girl who, answering to the name of Miss Smith, is one of the counter ladies in a large emporium. She is, of course, very beautiful, as all heroines should be, and the mystery of her assumed name is that she has served her time in one of his Majesty's prisons for twelve months, having been wrongfully condemned. There enters one day a certain handsome gentleman, who recognises Miss Smith as Miss Delia Castonel. This incident brings about her immediate discharge through the machinations of a jealous shopwalker, whose odious advances she will not receive. The handsome gentleman is a rich Society man, who, finding that the girl has been thrown out of all chance of work by his fault, proposes marriage. Delia accepts; there is nothing else for her to do. At the same time she is in love with another man who is seeking his fortune in the Colonies. This she confesses; but her husband merely smiles, and talks about calf love.

Both Delia and the reader are left wondering why a rich man should have burdened himself with a penniless wife over whom hangs the dark shadow of prison walls. Although Delia is a gentlewoman, and was once in Society herself, one naturally concludes that the man who marries her is a Sir Galahad, a rescuer of damsels in distress. But—and here begins the storm—there is a mystery overhanging Delia's husband. He is restless, furtive, and has a habit of leaving hotels suddenly on the day of his arrival. Later on, to Delia's horror, an American lady recognises him as Lawrence Hermitage, the defendant in a murder trial. To add to the web of plot which Mr. Flowerdew has weaved, Delia's old lover appears suddenly upon the scene. Still loving her, he is struck dumb to find that he is just too late. Learning the mystery connected with Delia's husband, he sets himself to watch over her and unravel it.

How he does so and what happens it would be unfair to the author to relate. Suffice it to say that there is considerable excitement, and that Sir Galahad turns out to be a Blue-beard who answers plot with counterplot, and whose calm cunning is almost Machiavellian. It seems a pity that the character of Delia, excellently depicted in the opening chapters, is allowed to dwindle into the background in the developing of the plot. The husband, too, is a somewhat shadowy creature, although he is undoubtedly possessed of brain and the power of organisation. Three excellent sketches are to be found in the characters of Lady Tilver

and her two daughters, Milly especially being delightfully and truly drawn. Altogether Mr. Flowerdew has written a readable story. It is a relief to find ordinary English and correct grammar in a book of this description—two features which usually are somewhat lacking.

THE THEATRE

"THE LILY" AT THE KINGSWAY THEATRE

MM. PIERRE WOLFF and Gaston Leroux's well-known play, which Mr. David Belasco has adapted under the title of "The Lily," not only provides us with the most interesting, moving, and exciting evening to be obtained at the theatres, but with some of the best acting. We venture to say that if the delightful little Kingsway Theatre could be lifted out of its present slum, and placed somewhere within the circle of light, Mr. Laurence Irving would have the satisfaction of obtaining crowded houses.

The underlying idea of the play is almost brutal in its satire. The authors chose a not untypical person, who endeavoured to carry on the feudal ideas of his forefathers in a Republican country—a man who was Republican in Paris and feudal at his château. The Comte de Maigny is, when we find him, an old man, the epitome of selfishness, self-indulgence, and a very peculiar form of cruelty. He is painted and made up, corseted and dressed like a modern Lord Ogle. His gouty eyes gleam occasionally with a Machiavellian humour. He endeavours to carry off the stiffness of his joints, which seem to creak as he moves, by an imitation youthfulness more pitiful than amusing. His life is as unnatural as his body. He persuades himself that his two daughters, one rapidly falling into the sere and yellow, the other on the verge of thirty, and his son, still young and impetuous, do not know that his home has to be conducted with the strictest economy because he has sold everything of value in order to indulge in orgies in Paris. He rules his family with a rod of iron, requires that everything shall be run like clockwork, and that his children and servants shall smile at his approach and pander to all his wishes. We feel that we meet him at the moment when Nemesis is gathering herself together to smash him, and that with her usual cunning she will do so by wounding him in his one remaining vulnerable spot—his vanity.

It is easy to see that he has prevented his daughters from marrying because he desires their attendance upon himself. The eldest carries about with her a broken heart, the man she loved in her youth having been driven away by her father. The second, in a state of rebellion against the sham of her home, and of terror of falling into middle age without having enjoyed any of the pleasures of youth, especially love, is obviously on the point of breaking away from the un-Christian rule to which she has been subjected from earliest remembrance. The boy, chiefly with the idea of shaking himself free, has proposed marriage to a vapid, anæmic girl who lives in the neighbourhood and is the daughter of Emil Plock, a plebeian merchant, who secretly regards the de Maigny family with scorn and amusement. Nemesis, always extremely nice in her stage-management, has provided herself with an artist, Georges Arnaud, has arranged that he and Christiane, the second daughter of de Maigny, shall fall in love, and has taken very good care that the artist shall be unable to marry the girl owing to the fact that he has a wife living. Plock withdraws his consent to his daughter's marriage to Vicomte de Maigny only a few days before the marriage is to take place, breaking in upon the aristocratic family just before a dinner given

in honour of his daughter. He orders her out of the château, and shouts his determination loudly enough for all the village to hear it. There is, of course, consternation—of the Latin kind, vehement, dramatic, loud-voiced—during which de Maigny himself retains some sort of calmness behind a fixed glassy smile. He sends away the family, the guests, and his old friend Huzar, solicitor; bids Plock be seated, and endeavours to find out the reason for his apparently unaccountable behaviour. Plock is indefinite, and finally leaves old de Maigny wondering whether he has found out anything of his secret intrigues. His speculations are shattered by the wild entrance of his son—a rather flamboyant person, who has inherited a good deal of his father's selfishness. The boy announces that Plock is breaking off the marriage because of his sister Christiane, who has been seen visiting Georges Arnaud. The old man stiffens, and becomes almost inarticulate. He refuses to believe the possibility of a daughter of his being vulgar enough to indulge in illicit love-making with a long-haired artist. He sends for both his daughters, puts Christiane through a searching cross-examination, and makes Christiane write an unsigned letter to Arnaud asking him to come to her at once. If the artist knows the girl's writing, and obeys her summons, it will be proved that she has lied as to not having written to him before, and proof as to the rest will be easy to obtain. The letter is sent. De Maigny, Huzar, and the boy sit down to wait.

Arnaud comes. The boy, more flamboyant than ever, and quite certain that his sister has ruined his chances of leaving home, tries to fight Arnaud, whose attitude is non-committal, but suspicious. Arnaud goes without much dignity, leaving the old man full of fury and horror. Christiane is found eavesdropping, is dragged into the room by her brother, and stands face to face with three men who are more or less certain of her guilt. The elder sister, utterly ignorant of Christiane's love affair, joins them, and then Nemesis works up to her carefully planned *dénouement*. Her whole attention is concentrated upon the mental torture of the man who has hitherto got off scot-free, and he is very sufficiently tortured in that he is faced with a horrible scandal in his family, the loss of the Plock dowry for his son, and a vanity so damaged that it will never recover. Goaded, the girl herself bursts into a torrent of words. Yes, she is guilty, and she glories in it. It is a frightful moment for the father. Green with rage, his whole small soul filled with the desire for revenge, he orders Christiane to his room, so that he may do what he has once before done—beat her as he would beat a dog. This is too much for the poor girl, who flings herself into her sister's arms for protection; and then Nemesis, crueller even than de Maigny, lets herself go. The elder sister faces the old man and opens the floodgates of her heart. She taunts her father with having driven Christiane into wrong-doing. She whips him as no dog had ever been whipped by accusing him of having ruined her own life and of having impoverished the home for his own base purposes. The old man is no longer protected by his pose; he is exploded, discovered, left ashamed. The curtain falls on a most powerful, ingenious, and human scene.

The last act of this absorbing play is a little weak in comparison, for it is devoted to the winding up of the story and the bringing about of a comparatively happy ending. Arnaud's divorce can be arranged, leaving him free to marry Christiane, and the old man is made to withdraw his baneful influence over his home and family. Of Mr. Laurence Irving's acting it is impossible too speak too highly. He gave a masterly representation of old de Maigny. In all its details his portrait was exact, and he brought out the curious undercurrent of humour with many touches that were delicious and almost diabolical. It was altogether a

superb performance, which places Mr. Laurence Irving as a character-actor head and shoulders above all his brother-actors on the English stage. We said last week, in referring to "Baby Mine," that the regeneration of the London stage seemed to depend mainly upon the bed. We withdraw this statement. It lies in the hands of Mr. Laurence Irving. We hope that playgoers who are beginning to recognise in him an actor of infinite ability and vast possibilities will give him all their support and encouragement.

"THE POPINJAY" AT THE NEW THEATRE

This play is what may be called a popular version of Daudet's "Les Rois en Exil," in which the original has been followed fairly closely, but out of which most of the atmosphere, much of the characterisation and literary quality has been taken. According to Messrs. Boyle Lawrence and Frederick Mouillot, their play "was suggested by, and includes certain incidents from, Daudet's book, but in the dramatic development of the story and in the *dénouement* is entirely original." The entire originality of the play lies in the adapters' treatment of the last act. It would have been, we think, fairer on their part had they owned frankly to having taken all that was most dramatic out of Daudet's story and left their "entire originality" to be discovered by their audiences. However, our business is with the piece as we find it, and we could wish that we had found it better. We confess that we did not appreciate what we can only call the vulgarisation of the original. All the scenes in which the moneylenders took part, were, to us, mere transpontine drama, although it is but just to say that they seemed to be highly appreciated by a crowded house. Time-honoured references to Jews and interest were received with bursts of laughter. To our mind such scenes as these died when the Adelphi drama ceased to be, and died unregretted. The scenes, too, in which Sephora Lewis took part were utterly transpontine, although the lady who played the villainess did so wholeheartedly and well, adopting all the alluring arts with which we are so familiar. We found the juxtaposition of farce and seriousness annoying, and grew extremely impatient with the construction of the first Act when the Jews came and went in the most mechanical manner, rendering the Royal apartments in a Paris hotel rather like the waiting-room of a railway-station.

Nevertheless the piece had its good moments, especially when Mr. Fred Terry was on the stage. This actor was, indeed, so excellent, and played with such humour and naturalness, that he heightened the unnaturalness and strenuous unreality of some other characters. We were rather surprised to find Mr. Fred Terry so good. We have often been disappointed in his work of late. We have found him full of staginess, but as King Christian II. of Carpathia, dressed in modern clothes, he pleased us very much. He was a very likeable ruffian, a very companionable rogue. He loved heartily, and there was a charming touch of dignity and feeling in his last appearance, when he came to pay homage to the little son in whose favour he had abdicated. It was pleasant to hear an English actor with an admirable French accent. Master Eric Rae as Prince Zara looked and behaved like a boy. This is the highest praise that can be paid to a child actor, who is generally like nothing. The Tom Lewis of Mr. Frederick Groves and the Sauvador of Mr. Horace Hodges were exceedingly good. It is difficult to know quite what to say of Miss Julia Neilson as the Queen. In the few moments when she merely had to look queenly and say nothing no English actress could have done better. But when called upon to speak, as was her lot frequently, she seemed to us to give an unconsciously burlesque imitation of Mrs. Patrick Campbell at her worst. Her enunciation

was most peculiar; she spoke like a foreigner who has learnt English from a provincial tragedian. Miss Julia Neilson is, however, a great favourite, and so criticism is entirely superfluous. Mr. and Mrs. Terry have a special public. They work hard to deserve support, and, after all, the plays they produce are valuable in that they lift this special public out of the sordid round of daily life and provide them with some sort of interest and excitement. Everyone to his taste.

THE VOICE ON THE HILL

HE was a sick, melancholy man; half his life lay behind him like a corpse, half before him like a ghost. He had been digging all day in a heavy soil, often jarring the fork against immovable flints, lifting more often than not a weight of clay only just short of the limit of his strength. He had thought and thought until his brain could do nothing but remain aware of dull misery and the violent shocks of the hard work. But his eyes saw the sun go down with a brief pomp of crimson, soon covered up by funereal drifts, and these in their turn give way to a soft blue, full of whitest stars and without one cloud. They saw the far hills once more take on their night look of serene and desolate vastness, and felt the meadows of the valley become dusk and uncertain, the corpses much darker, but distinct. The woods immediately below him on the hillside thickened and appeared more wild and impassable, and the road winding up between them like a long curl of smoke was wholly concealed. Slowly the solid world was whittled away. The lights of the small town half-way across the valley, towards the hills, came out.

As an owl in the woods announced the triumph of night with one large, clear note, he straightened himself slowly and painfully among the clods. It would have been easier to continue his toil than to do this, but he did it, and then cleaned the prongs of his upright fork with his boot's toe, prolonging the action as if he either hoped to arrive now at some significant conclusion with its help, or feared the next step that had to be taken. When he could no longer clean the prongs he raised his head and looked out beyond the woods over the valley to the far hills. The quiet, the magnitude of space, the noble lines of the range a little strengthened his spirit. He remained still. The surface of his hands was dry to brittleness; he was stiff and yet unsatisfied with the result of his labour; he felt the dullness of his eyes; and no thing or person in the world or out of it came into his mind with any conscious delight or quickness; yet he still looked along the ridges of the hills from one end to the other, from star to star, without a thought save the sleeping underlying one that he was growing old.

A motor-car climbed nervously up the invisible hill-road, the lamps of it darting across a hundred little spaces between one tree and another of the vague woods. It left the silence stronger than ever.

The man leaned with his chest upon his hands which were upon the handle of his fork. Only a few years ago—either three or four—he could not have ascertained by any searching of memory—he had been young, and treated with contempt or with pitiful kindness by those of greater age. But now he had come by unknown ways to feel that he differed from mature men not by anything positive that could be called youth, but only by some indefinable lack which condemned him to a kind of overblown immaturity. Thus when he consciously or unconsciously demanded a concession, such as might be due to youth, for some act or attitude, he met, in the individual or in society in some corporate form or other, a blankness or positive severity at

which he recoiled with open but as yet uncertainly comprehending eyes. Of young men he was now sometimes jealous, of middle-aged men afraid and no longer defiant. Towards the contemporaries with whom he had shared thought and experience for some years he felt jealousy if he seemed to have outstripped them in the unwilling race; and fear, if it was himself that lagged; and towards only one or two a fair and easy freedom, and that but intermittently. Therefore, no more destitute and solitary man looked that night on the bright stars.

Suddenly he awakened and thrilled to the sound of a woman's voice singing alone somewhere away from where he stood. He forgot who and where he was. He was no longer weary and muddled by self-supporting thoughts. His imagination went out of him and grasped each note simply and boldly. Where there had been nothing there the liquid voice mounted in its beautiful unseen form amidst the darkness. The singer was among the dark trees, probably in the climbing road to one side of him; the curves of that ascent, always a thing of simplicity and nobleness, were now glorious, romantic as they soared out of the valley to the clear heights.

Either the singer was walking slowly up or she was riding, but no footfall or turn of wheel was to be heard. It was a trained voice, powerful and confident and without care. It leapt up with a wild indolent flight, for one short verse of undistinguishable words, a melody exulting in the liberty of love and pride of youth, and then fell upon silence. That silence bore its part also.

But the listener had no sooner lost the first joy over the insurrection of melody and begun to consider—whilst waiting breathless for its return—who she might be, what she was doing now, whether a lover was walking beside her, when she sang again, higher up the road. The first note rose up to the highest stars, clear and fresh and having a power like light over the gloom. Other notes hovered after it at the same height, and then with one swoop as of an eagle fell to the earth and silence before even a verse was finished. A low laugh drawn out very long an instant afterwards confirmed the first impression of the singer's ease and joyousness. The man could see her neck lifted eagerly and her eyes flashing towards the lover or towards the stars, her lips parted, her breast heaving with deep draughts of the night and passion, her feet pacing with languid strength. He himself stood still as any tree in the ebb of the wind.

Oh! for a horse to ride furiously, for a ship to sail, for the wings of an eagle, for the lance of a warrior, for a standard streaming to conquest, for a man's strength to dare and endure, for a woman's beauty to surrender, for a singer's fountain of precious tones, for a poet's pen!

He trembled and listened. The silence was unbroken; not a footstep or whisper was to be extracted from it by his eager and praying ear. He shivered in the cold. The last dead leaves shook upon the beeches, but the silence out there in that world still remained. She was walking, or she was in her lover's arms, for aught he knew. No sound came up to him where he stood, eager and forlorn, until he knew that she must be gone away for ever, like his lyric desires, and he went into his house, and it was dark and still and inconceivably empty.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE POET'S HOLIDAY

III.—IMPRESSIONS

It is perhaps convenient to divide the impressions formed by an individual into two groups or degrees: these are emotional impressions and intellectual impressions. Our first impressions are all emotional; our intellectual impres-

sions come afterwards, when our reason has had time to correct the superlative lyrics our senses love to scrawl on the surface of our consciousness. Thus a few weeks ago, in the window of a flower-shop in Bond-street, I found among the noisy brilliance of lilies and orchids a little pot of blue forget-me-nots. I tasted immediately the full joys of the Wordsworthian simplicity—I felt like a little lamb a-prancing on the hilltops, or like a child living in the heart of the country, that teeming slaughter-house of Nature, and yet innocent of all knowledge of death. That was the emotional impression. Then it occurred to me that, for all their modest simplicity, my little forget-me-nots were as exotic as any of the other flowers. We do not find them in England in the month of January, so they must have come frozen from the Canaries, or pickled from the South of France. Their simplicity was a pose, and only proved them more perverse than their neighbours who flaunted their gay foreign dresses without thought of deceit. That was the intellectual impression. It will be seen that, though they are contradictory, both my impressions were justifiable as far as they went.

Most of my impressions of Brussels have reached the second degree by now, and the enthusiasms that have survived the chastening process are not perhaps of a very important character. I have eaten the best Roquefort cheese I have ever tasted during the last few days, and I have drunk some home-made Chartreuse that was delicious. The reader may smile, but these are pleasures that are not illusory, and such pleasures are rare. I have discovered a waitress in a *café* who has read all the works of Anatole France, and who told me that she thought his style, though admirable, belonged to the eighteenth century rather than to the present day. I have drunk cherry beer, a historic and fortunately moribund beverage. I have been to three balls, two carnivals, and a fire. The balls were dull, the fire was amusing, the carnivals call for fuller treatment. But none of these things impressed me so much as the fact that the sensible Belgians had put a flower-shop down in the middle of a long arcade devoted otherwise solely to book-shops. I bought the "Memoirs of Casanova" for 4s. 6d., and a great bunch of violets for 5d., and felt that I had done a good day's shopping. I wonder whether they sometimes get the books of verse mixed up with the nosegays.

The first carnival led me to coin the aphorism that there is no sadder spectacle for the individual than the efforts of other people to amuse themselves. After the second carnival, in which I no longer filled the rôle of philosophic spectator, I discovered that the joy of crowds is a protest against the sorrow of individuals. Both these aphorisms are true, and it follows that in carnival time the wise man will make haste to don the fool's cap in order to spare himself the pain of observing the folly of others. Theoretically, if we admit that every man has a secret desire to lay aside his dignity from time to time, a carnival is rather a fine thing. To wear a fantastic costume is like trying on another person's character—a wholesome pastime for any man; while the huddling of houses together to form a city becomes almost reasonable if the citizens come out now and again to dance and sing out of tune on the pavements. In practice the carnivals at Brussels have fallen on ill days, partly owing to the prohibition of confetti and partly because masking is now almost confined to children and students, Apaches, and the general cosmopolitan riff-raff of the place. It would be better, perhaps, if the game were left to the children, who may be trusted to play all games gracefully, and danced up and down the streets with extraordinary spirit and energy. The poorer children, who could not afford to hire costumes, settled the problem simply enough, the little girls donning their brothers' knickerbockers and the little boys their sisters' petticoats, and the result was quaint and innocent and pretty. It may be my prejudice against the Flemish

character that caused me to find the high spirits of the adults a little forced, though I can understand and sympathise with the natural eagerness of the Flemish women to wear masks. But, in spite of the dubious character of many of the participants, the fun seemed harmless enough; and, again, I noticed a surprising absence of drunkenness, above all surprising to any one who has studied the bearing of British crowds on Bank Holidays.

It will be seen that the carnival did not impress me particularly, but it helped me to understand Brussels. Like most cities, it really consists of a number of cities imperfectly mingled, but on Shrove Tuesday it seemed for a while to have blended into a recognisable whole. The *bourgeois* Brussels was joined for an hour or two with the Brussels of the tourist; the Brussels of the Apache touched the Brussels of the middle-class Englishman, who lives here because he can be rich on a moderate income. For a moment I seemed to see a great unshapen beast, heartless, and with only a small brain, but with strong instincts and a subtle tongue; *gourmand* rather than *gourmet*, keenly avaricious, but for the rest torpid, heavy, sluggish. Then—really, we can't help our impressions—I saw instead a little cat who washed her face drowsily in front of the fire, with one eye on the mouse-hole in the corner by the coal-scuttle. I stretched out my hand and the cat purred. I don't know that I believe in the permanent truth of either of these impressions myself; but perhaps I shall never see Brussels as one city again.

A poet, as M. Abel Torey remarked to me the other night, is an *animal de luxe*, and, personally, I find this a good country for such animals. It is pleasant to be able to claim the profession of poet without arousing either mirth or sympathy. In Brussels there are a great many poets and very few volumes of Belgian verse. In England there are a great many volumes of verse and very few poets. Whether this is due to the efficiency of the one country or to the thrift of the other, I do not know. But at all events the Belgian poets are more satisfying to the eye than the majority of their English *confrères*. They look fat and well-nourished, and the luxuriance of their hair and beards is astonishing and delightful. I have always thought that a poet gains by being unconventional in his appearance; in no other way can he so easily secure the solitude that is necessary for the development of his art. In Brussels, however, the musicians are quite as wild as the poets, and even more numerous; so that the most rebellious of poets runs the risk of being mistaken for a member of an orchestra, a man who draws his salary regularly every week. It is this, perhaps, that makes the Belgian poets seem a little bitter.

The fire which it was my good fortune to witness on the night of my arrival had its curious aspect. The upper half of a hotel in the principal quarter of the city was burnt out, and by the time we reached the place the roof had already fallen in, though the firemen were still playing on the building. We passed quite easily through the crowd into the *café* on the ground-floor, and found it brilliantly lit with electric-light, though water was pouring through the ceiling all over the room. We sat down at a little table that almost escaped the torrent, and immediately a waiter appeared with a napkin over his arm and asked us for our orders. No one seemed in the least excited, though these were the firemen who, we were told, wept tears of rage during the fatal seven-minutes' fire at the Exhibition because they found there was an utterly inadequate pressure of water. Everyone I meet in Brussels is anxious to say how sorry they were that all the beautiful English exhibits should have been burnt. After seeing them at work the other night I do not think the firemen can have been to blame.

RICHARD MIDDLETON.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

IN a book dated 1785 and entitled "A Journey from Birmingham to London" its author, Mr. Hutton, describes a visit to the British Museum. He tells how by good fortune he stumbled upon the owner of a ticket of admission to that institution, which ticket was "valued at less than two shillings." Mr. Hutton accordingly eagerly purchased it, and presented himself at Montagu House, Bloomsbury, where the national collections were then lodged, at the hour named on the document. He states that he ultimately found himself one of a party of ten, who were hustled through the mansion after the manner of driven cattle. On his venturing to inquire if there was no one to give information about the exhibits, "a tall, genteel young man, who seemed to be their conductor," replied warmly that the names were on most of the articles and he could not be expected to describe everything in the Museum. In about thirty minutes, he goes on to say, the party had finished their silent journey through the apartments. None of them spoke above a whisper. He ruefully sums up the net results of his morning's expedition by saying that he had hurried away from his breakfast and friends, got wet to the skin, spent half-a-crown in coach-hire, paid two shillings for a ticket, and then been "hackneyed through the rooms with violence," to the exhaustion of any fund of good humour with which he may have started the day. The procedure so described was followed until about a hundred years ago, when the regulations for admission to the Museum were gradually relaxed. Not until 1849 was Montagu House demolished, to be replaced by the great building now familiar to Londoners. The original Montagu House and all the art treasures it contained had been destroyed by fire in 1689, as described by John Evelyn.

London is singularly forgetful of its famous citizens of old. Who now burdens his memory with the recollection that Sir Hans Sloane laid the foundation of our national collections? "Sloane Square" is epitaph enough for him. The great city, Chronos-like, devours its own offspring; they go down to dusty death, and in half a year their names are forgotten. The stones of the London streets are trodden by ghostly feet, its every nook and corner are haunted, but the modern citizen mostly pursues his business or pleasure without a thought of that dim past. Men have no time nowadays to stand and gaze. "Drive on" is the modern motto. We belong to our environment. It would be pleasant to loiter musingly through the noble apartments of old Montagu House, and in the mind's eye to appreciate the spirit of the founder of the British Museum. He divided his collection into three groups—those of printed books, manuscripts, and natural history. Peace be to his ashes. We, too, must "hackney" on.

The Trustees of the Museum have during the last fifty years made one insistent demand—space and more space. Human knowledge and research expand by geometrical increment. Every fresh development is like a family tree from which spring many scions; every branch of the family must be housed, and sometimes the grandchild science demands a bigger mansion than its grandsire. The lackey of Montagu House days, "with some warmth," demanded if he was expected to enumerate all the specimens in the Museum; what would he have said if he had to take his select party round the galleries to-day? Alexander Pope sneered at Sloane and all his works. He was a collector of mere "butterflies." The sneer was worthy of the age that called a versifier "poet." But we must close the chapter of the past and switch on to the present.

The experts in each department must surely learn or somehow acquire a sixth sense to guide them in their advice to

the Trustees as to purchase. The directors of the Louvre we know have been caught napping in recent years. The ingenuity, science, and acumen of fabricators are startling. "Flint Jack" used to boast that his work was to be found in every museum in the country, but it would not deceive many curators to-day. So far as the accumulation and classification of the national treasure-trove is concerned, probably the British Museum is without rival in the world. Where it fails is in a certain aloofness and want of touch with latter-day needs. The man in the street dutifully wanders through the great building and comes away, like the visitors to Montagu House whose record we have quoted, as wise as he went in. It is easier to state the fact than to suggest a remedy. A visitor specially interested in the archaeological collections may perhaps be excused if he points out that, in the galleries devoted to that branch of study, there is no one to whom appeal can be made to furnish any data or even to indicate where a particular section of the exhibits is located. The custodian's information is limited to that formula. Would it not be possible to have in every room a young assistant to answer inquiries, who, if serious investigation were sought, could take the inquirer to a higher official, or to those in charge of his department? It is obvious that real research would be impossible if the chief and his staff were at the beck and call of every casual visitor; on the other hand, the primary object of the Museum is surely to serve public utility, to assist in irrigating the plains of popular ignorance, and for this purpose something more than a mere reservoir of information, however costly and extensive it may be, is necessary.

In 1900 Professor Flinders Petrie read a paper before the Royal Society of Arts on a National Repository for Science and Art. He pointed out how hopelessly inadequate the space available in the existing national museums was for storing any really representative collections to illustrate prehistoric or modern civilisation. The result of their present congested state is that in our museums, as now administered, a system of severe selection is imperative. Specimens offered, which do not appeal to the popular eye, either have to be declined or, if accepted, are relegated to the cellarage. As Professor Petrie says, "science may go hang, but the museum must look nice and contain objects all duly attractive to the ignorant."

Each age owes a duty to posterity; to allow modern relics which as time goes on will be of deep interest to lie hidden is mere vandalism. In view of the enormous range of the economic field, it is impracticable to find space in the heart of a great city for all that ought to be housed, and the suggestion made in Professor Petrie's paper was that a big area of land should be purchased at some spot within, say, an hour's train ride of London. There are many such localities where a dry site can be secured at from £10 to £50 per acre. In such a spot a colony would be established. The space requisite to relieve the existing galleries of their cumbrous or overflowing treasure, also to make the necessary provision for the future, was estimated to involve the setting out of a plot of land 5,000 or 6,000 feet square. This area it was proposed to surround with plantations, and outside these again to define the site of a range of houses, in due course to be created as occasion demanded.

Within the laager thus created would be the building of the National Repository, which would be constructed in long avenues or galleries, and added to year by year as space was needed. It was estimated that adequate provision for the next century, including that requisite for overtaking arrears, would result in a building ultimately providing eight miles of galleries. A regular expenditure of £5,000 a year would allow for an annual increment of 400 feet of gallery, and the total expenditure would be something like £10,000 a year, exclusive of purchases of collections. This sum would

be relatively trifling in comparison with the budget of the British Museum, for which about twenty times as much is annually voted. Each sixteen feet bay of a building laid out on the lines suggested would cost £200.

The late Director of the Natural History Museum predicated as a preliminary step to the erection of such a building the necessity of "hanging the eminent architect." In the paper is given some particulars of the design of structure which would suffice for the object to be obtained. A large proportion of the exhibits would require little protection. The building would be supplied with filtered air, so as to render it dustless. Any damp would be prevented by the use of trays of quicklime, and lighting would be effected by means of skylights, so arranged that any leakage could not fall upon the specimens. The appreciation in the value of the land in the vicinity of the depository would help to wipe out the first cost of the estate, and Professor Petrie estimated a rent-charge of £4,000 a year for interest and amortisation, which charge would be extinguished in twenty-five years. As to staff, he proposed a keeper at £600, ten assistants at £100 to £300 each, and twenty labourers at £70 each. Between one and two square feet of gallery per man per day could be laid out. Eleven years have passed since this paper was read, but no steps have been taken to ensure the exodus of the super-numeraries of the national collections. It will, however, be an imperative necessity in the near future.

In 1907 King Edward laid the foundation-stone of the King Edward VII.'s Galleries, which will form a notable extension to the British Museum. The familiar Ionic columns of the present building are repeated in the *façade* of the new structure. The new building has a frontage to Montague-place of 386ft., and will be approached by an avenue, "British Museum Avenue," which is to be adorned with sculpture from the design of Sir George Frampton. The building is five stories in height. The top floor is to be devoted to Egyptian and other collections. Provision is also made for an extension of the Library and for accommodating students and the staff. In addition to this great increase in gallery-space, the Trustees have acquired, at a cost of £200,000, a further area of five and a half acres of house-property surrounding the museum. The vista opened to the vision of Londoners is that of a British Museum covering a rectangular block of land of thirteen acres, and consisting of a range of stately galleries with a unity of design and a magnificence of embellishment which will, in the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, "fittingly express the repose and endurance which should characterise a great national museum."

These new works and extended projects afford proof that the Trustees are alive to the inadequacy of our national treasure-houses. The danger of spending money with a lavish hand in the heart of London is that the question of building a simpler, relatively inexpensive, but absolutely necessary establishment outside the ring of bricks and mortar may be shelved. If a vote could be taken of those who have studied the problem of congestion, and the alternatives submitted were to find a million pounds for an enlargement of Bloomsbury or a hundred thousand pounds for a country establishment, the reply would be an overwhelming majority in favour of the latter project.

ASPECTS OF TRAGEDY—II.

THE Roman spirit, matchless in government, organisation, accomplished in all soldierly qualities, level-headed and stern, never adapted itself to the nicer subtleties of culture. Their one praiseworthy exponent of artistic tragedy, Seneca, followed the Greek model instead of striking out

for himself, and produced rhetorical and lifeless dramas, which, it is said, were not intended even by their author for the traffic of the stage. After Seneca the Spirit of Tragedy fell fast asleep by her forsaken lyre. Perhaps "the tragical life of man . . . surrounded by beauty and wonder" sufficed; but more probably the fierce and barbaric Romans found gratification of "the emotions of pity and terror" sufficient satisfaction of the human desire for pomp and circumstance, in the periodical gladiatorial combats which stained the sands of the Colosseum with the blood of tortured men.

Then Rome fell, and the civilised world slipped into the night, until at length, as in ancient Greece, and in the old unrecorded time before Greece, out of the doings of the priests and the pageantry of religion arose the beginnings of national drama. At first a little pictorial addition to the service to hold the attention and arouse the religious imagination of the child-like worshippers; then a little play of the monks in the church; then a real performance in the churchyard; at last banishment to the streets, travelling pageants or stands for the performers—how like Thespis in his cart, yet how unlike—and in a little while each guild has its worthy share and its communal pride in the same; the words are written down, the properties stored from year to year, and the mystery play is an accomplished fact.

The first record of the mystery play proper comes from France, where after a while there prevailed a perfect passion for the theatre. Guilds existed for the especial purpose of producing mysteries, moralities, and pastorals—singular mixtures of tragedy and comedy, frequently inordinately long, intolerably dull, and incredibly foolish. Spain, Italy, Germany, England caught the infection. In Italy the religious drama continued, but without undergoing any process of development, becoming indeed a mere phantasmagoria, which stifled any attempt at real drama that might otherwise have arisen; in Germany "devil" plays of the "Faust" type, of no merit, but pleasing to the metaphysical German mind, were the prevailing fashion; in Spain and in England the mysteries and moralities slowly died, and the real drama enjoyed an Indian summer.

Comedy evolves before tragedy, it would appear. After a while the audience perceives that entertainment and a greater measure of intellectual enjoyment may be found in something deeper than laughter. The mystery plays, being taken from Scripture narratives, naturally contained from the first many elements of tragedy: there are real dramatic moments in these plays, and they possess a charm of simplicity, a freshness that does not preclude real tenderness. Witness such fragments as these. First, the Lament of Mary—

Alas! thine eyes as crystal clear,
That shone as sun in sight,
That lovely were in lyre,
Lost have they their light;

and a little later—

All creatures whose kinds may be trest,
Beasts and birds, they all have rest,
When they are woe-begone.
But God's own Son that should be blest,
Has not whereon his Head to rest.
But on His shoulder bone.

Who can resist the appeal of such poignant *naïveté*? The humour of these plays is countryfolk's humour—comical enough, provoking the guffaw rather than the critical smile; but they seem free from that grossness which in France, Spain, and Italy eventually brought them under the absolute ban of the priesthood. It was not the orthodox Church that killed the already moribund English Scripture-

play, but the dour and ever-increasing company of the mirth- and-beauty-hating Puritans.

Like a flight of meteors in a moonless sky, the wonderful company of the Elizabethans burst suddenly upon the world. The same audience that had listened patiently, even interestedly, to Bale's "King John," and to the tedious discourses of the old moralities, thrilled of a sudden to the splendid passionate pomp of "Tamburlaine," and shivered with sympathetic horror over the terrible last scene, in the possibility of which they half believed, of "Doctor Faustus." In these plays of Marlowe we have pageant-drama; fine poetry with dramatic moments; the old shackles are falling, but they fall singly, and they leave their scars.

Marlowe's philosophy does not run deep. Compare the magically poetic—

Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles,
Usumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing brave to be a king,
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?

with the deep and bitter wisdom of that speech, written only a year or two after—

Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court, and there the antick sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchise, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king.

"Tamburlaine" is not a true tragedy, since the hero suffers no striking reversals of fortune; his conquering progress towards the empire of the world is only stayed at last by the one invincible and inevitable conqueror, Death.

The influence of the morality plays shows plainly in Marlowe's "Faustus" in the recurrent appearances made by the good and evil angels. It is interesting to notice the superiority of intellect which Marlowe's Faustus possesses, it would seem, over the Faust of Goethe. Marlowe's Faustus sells his soul out of his insatiable thirst for knowledge; and when the passion of love seizes upon him he desires no lesser woman than she who was most beautiful of all, Trojan Helen, to be his liege lady. Goethe's Faust does nothing better with his hard-won power than win a simple peasant maid, who might have been attained, one would surmise, without resort to any such heroic measures. But the hero's reward in any such transactions is never commensurate with the price he has paid for it.

In Calderon's "Master Magician" the hero also barter his soul for the love of a mortal maiden, and even then it is not by the power of the demon that he wins her.

The real transition play between the miracles and the realistic plays is Peele's lyrical and beautiful "David and Bathsheba," which contains passages worthy of Sophocles:—

Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
And when his consecrated fingers struck
The cherubims and angels laid their breasts;
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
The fairest daughter that obeys the king
In all the land the Lord subdu'd to me;
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside-bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine-perfumed myrrh,
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On Zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.

Sin, with his sevenfold crown and purple robe,
Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes
Our idle minutes and our wanton thoughts;
And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell.

This is cloying sweetness; it is undramatic; but no one can deny that it is fine poetry. Since Peele's day the malice and shortsighted literalness of the Puritan element in us has prevented us from developing any more Scriptural dramas.

Æschylus, Sophocles, found themselves inherently unable to show the struggles of a hero to be true to himself and to work out his own salvation. In the *Œdipus* there is a character-development in the hero alone. We see him chastened by circumstance, changed in a manner that faintly recalls our own King Lear.

But these authors really present to us a dramatic *Laocoön*; their heroes fight in vain against the blind force of destiny, the hereditary vengeance of deities at once implacable and capricious. Euripides, ceasing to believe in the Olympian infallibility, began to evolve the conflict of personality. With him, as we have said, the impulse died, and we find our drama arising as a tragedy of incident. It is not that in the lives of these people certain events happened; but that these events happened in the lives of certain people—a very real difference; the difference, in a word, between Ibsen and Sardou.

A SONG OF THE MOTOR: A SERIES

To journey into the unknown, the personally unknown, has a fascination for most people, as is shown by the never-ending stream going hither and thither to fresh woods and pastures new, the constant exploration of little-known countries, the burning desire and amazing endeavour to reach the very poles of the earth. The effective causes of all this movement may often be for health, profit, fame; but are often enough for the mere pleasure of seeing something new, something old, places where history has been made, or scenes simply for their beauty or rugged grandeur. Whatever may be the ultimate aim, there is always a curiosity or thrill of interest born of looking on things and places never before personally seen.

Time, opportunity, wealth, are given to some for scouring the earth, the seas, and even the sky; but many are precluded from such scope, and perforce are content within the limit of their resources. The present age is nerve-racking and cruelly taxing in many ways, but never before has the world enjoyed such wealth of scientific discovery and invention that enable mankind to perform prodigies and indulge in luxuries and pleasures which until lately were merely dreamed of and counted impossible.

The mechanical road vehicle has done as much as any other marvel of inventive minds to enable us to gratify our desire for travel, and there is a never-dying fascination in steering one's land-craft forth from its resting-place into ways and byways over which one has so far never passed. Others may yearn for the back of beyond; but, for the unfeverish mind, one's own homeland, with its teeming associations with intimate history, holds an almost inexhaustible store of quiet delight for the motor tourist.

Take, for instance, a line of country along the Vale of the White Horse in and around the foothills of the great Berkshire Downs, turning now here, now there, without fret or hurry, to visit old-world hamlets with market crosses, sleepy as nodding age; to wander reverently in and around their lichened churches, where so many brave and fair, great and insignificant of English blood have undergone the solemnest events of their lives in baptism, marriage, and burial. Then,

after a sigh born of sympathy for these unknown brothers of the past, to energise the prisoned forces in the simple yet complex machine that waits one's will to start off again for any other near or distant point. One feeble impulse from the human arm is sufficient to set into motion the marvellous train of forces wrested, after long effort, from Nature's storehouse, and the machine bears us onwards. Silent but for a purring rhythmic throb born of motion, the motor-car, admirable achievement of man's patience and ingenuity, moves on, now fast, now slow, in perfect synchronism with its owner's desire.

The Great White Horse, fashioned once on the hillside by exposing the living chalk, and long preserved, is now merely a memory, but its site will ever remain a beauty spot. Hard by may be seen the Blowing Stone, rudely snatched, before the motor-car was evolved that would devour hills, from beside Wayland Smith's Cave, and still may its echoing blast be evoked, by modern lungs, as when that mysterious man signalled from his lofty eyrie down to those few in the valleys who were permitted intercourse with him. Then, at capricious will, the tireless motor is made to breast the swelling downs in order that those it bears may gaze upon signs of handiwork of ancient Briton or conquering Roman—earthworks raised by stress of strife. Looking round the scenes of battle, one conjures up the companies of men—God's children—howling and hacking at each others' bodies, reckless of life, enemies to the death. Imagination sees the awful sight and hears the wild cries, till the daydream passes and only the sigh of the wind sounds melancholy over these historic spaces.

Onward again, brought down to the so-called prosaic present by the need of firm hand, quick eye, and cool nerve, in controlling the car on its steep descent. The road follows, and is built up upon, the foundation of a Roman military way that, heedless of grade, strikes an almost undeviating line across country. Then it is that one values the strong and effective brakes of the gallant car which, to the imaginative temperament, becomes much more than a mere machine bristling with strange levers and sinuous piping. The descent accomplished without qualm, levers are manipulated, and in docile obedience the car speeds as on wings along the yellow way to the horizon. Without pause or swerve, quiet and steady, though rushing impetuously at great pace, the car glides forward, spurning ascents as a cork rides a wave. At a whim, or an impelling glimpse of some nestling attraction, motion is quickly arrested without jar or jerk, and a byway negotiated only to end in loss of direction. Then appeal is made to a son of the soil, who, in slow, burred speech confuses his right with his left, as is later proved on consulting the map, and looks with bovine gaze as the car winds on.

An abbey town, Malmesbury, confronts the traveller, with its seven rivers and steep entry, and at a sedate pace the car seeks the glorious upstanding remains of the once magnificent monument to the glory of God and the skill of monk. The verger unfolds a store of knowledge, expounding the symbolism of the multiplicity of time-worn carving; points to the pock-marked outer walls, the effect of cannon-balls; reverently shows the beautiful and veritable old oak chest of the true story of "The Mistletoe Bough," in which the maiden hid herself from her lover in play that ended in piteous tragedy; and opens a great door, near the present altar, to confront the visitor with the stupendous remains of two glorious arches, now exposed to wind and weather. He tells of the great gift of land of noble Athelstan to the townsfolk, repeating the distich of that date that is pronounced to this day when present descendants of the original recipients for loyalty come into their holdings, as he himself did; and finally points out a hundred-year tomb-

stone to a strolling performer—a woman slain by a tiger in whose cage she was showing her limbs and her foolhardy courage, which stone is annually kept in repair by the Corporation in strange contrast to the way another, not long ago, allowed the body of a Queen, unearthed by chance excavation, to lie about for days and be mauled by irreverent hands.

Then, as time demands, the car is steered eastward-ho, ever onward without falter, but now homeward all across downlands of vast spaciousness, past tumuli and earthworks, through Marlborough's unique street, through the great glades of Savernake, to Speen. On, by the battlefield of Newbury, swerving past the site of Basing, of memorable siege, and into the pine districts of Silchester, famed for its Roman belongings, almost every mile clamouring for future exploration. And so home for a time, till opportunity comes again for the joy of motion and memories.

ANTHONY HAMILTON.

THE LORDS AND THE CROWN

By MONTAGU WOOD

(CONCLUSION)

THE correct attitude of the Crown in the present crisis has been fairly outlined in the pages preceding these, but there is a point which it is still desirable should be particularly emphasised. No theorist takes upon himself to suggest that the Crown should refuse to create Peers in the manner hitherto presumed, and repudiated in this controversy; should refuse, namely—and this is a weighty point—as if it were a Court of Appeal that, having carefully considered the contentions on both sides, found for the plaintiff, but that it should at once be asserted on its behalf that it has no jurisdiction whatever in the matter. The reasons are ample and obvious, of which the most crucial are that it must on no account give the semblance of immersing itself in party politics, and much less appear to become the tool of a faction. It must least of all attempt by an arbitrary, personal act to subvert a Constitution which it has sacramentally pledged itself to preserve. It is a very different standpoint, which no one has yet thought fit to recognise, to refuse a proposition, and to maintain that to the best of your judgment you have no power to accept it. What the true theorist contends is that it is an act of violence to suggest the personal intervention of the Throne in the present crisis, tending to degrade its dignity and prestige. The situation also will not in any way be saved, if as is urged—as a convenient course—the House of Lords gives way and sacrifices the vital interests of the Empire in order to save the face of the Royal position in the Coronation year. Once any such menace, or pressure, has been employed the status of the Throne has been automatically transferred to a new plane. Such, however, is the aim of the Government, and the most grotesque efforts are being made to show that it is really the Unionist party who in their inherent wickedness are dragging the Crown into this struggle. The leading ministerial organ makes the delightful assertion that if the House of Lords compel the creation of Peers they will be acting unconstitutionally. How in the name of Fortune can any one be acting unconstitutionally who resists a grossly unconstitutional measure? As a matter of fact, the exact reverse is the case, and if the House of Lords passed the Parliament Bill they would be flagrantly false to their oaths and their trust. The truth is that both the Throne and the Lords have a sworn duty to perform, and

they must not shirk it from any fear of results. The whole object of the enemy is to create bugbears and shatter the nerves of their opponents. It is a poor thing in politics to suffer from nerves, and they win who suffer the least. This duty, therefore, must be done quite apart from any consideration as to the effect it is likely to have at the next General Election, or how far it may jeopardise the stability of the Monarchy. It is obvious that the Crown cannot desirably exist for a single moment on sufferance, but must answer to a spontaneous national demand, and it is also obvious that if it is to be used as a party weapon, and if it could be induced to fulfil so humiliating a function, its whole *raison d'être* must inevitably be called into question. The moderate men of the nation maintain that the Crown has no power to intervene, and if it is nevertheless to be impelled to trample on the liberties which have been hardly won in the past, and to obliterate the landmarks that spell the charter of our citizenship, then the Unionists as a party and the mass of electors they represent must look to themselves. And yet this infinitely grave matter is not in the least a party one, but is crucially a national concern. The only check provided against the permanent usurpation of office by temporary occupiers—a check which if thousands of electors have recently undervalued they will soon adequately appraise—is to disappear, and disappear for ever, and the danger cannot be over-estimated. Already the truth is unmistakably before us.

What is going to be the first Government Bill when the Veto is removed? Not Home Rule—that will come later—but the Plural Voting Bill, and so an unhallowed start will be made by a measure that redresses an electoral anomaly which tells against the party in power without simultaneously redressing anomalies that tell in its favour—the very measure, in fact, that a Second Chamber particularly exists to frustrate. The plot is quite shamelessly revealed.

How is the supreme national danger to be met? In this way. Firstly, the Veto Bill must be rejected by the largest possible majority the House of Lords can array. It must in the meanwhile be respectfully submitted to the Crown that it is not recognised to have the power to intervene. It must also be respectfully submitted—and this is a very vital consideration—that if Peers are created to overrule the Second Chamber the Second Chamber will exercise their undoubted legal right and refuse to allow them to sit. That is, I contend, the procedure. Then arises the question as to what comes next. Here, again, is a bugbear raised by the enemy, whose sole hope is to intimidate their antagonists into surrender. It is true Mr. Asquith might resign. It is also true that Mr. Balfour, though he might try, might not be able to govern with a minority, and that a dissolution might not yield him a majority. It is also true that Mr. Asquith—and this would be his only card—though returned by a majority, might refuse to take office, but this is no more a bugbear to the Unionist minority than to the Radical majority. If a Prime Minister returned with a majority is so destitute of patriotism and civic decency that he refuses to take office, and invites chaos unless his present extravagant demands are complied with, it is then clear that he might in theory demand any extravagant terms he pleased—for example, the total disenfranchisement of all Unionists. No one could gainsay him. Despotism would have already arrived.

It seems quite certain that the prospect has no more terror for one party than another, because it would merely mean that popular government had broken down, and must either be re-established by consent or abandoned altogether. Such an apprehension is no argument against the fact that the Veto of the Second Chamber is at present the only safeguard against the sheer tyranny of a demagogic oligarchy, and it must be preserved at all costs.

MUSIC

SOMETIMES the musical world experiences cyclonic weather, and all its inhabitants are in a bustle. At this moment, however, we are enjoying the blessed calm of what Mr. Pearsall-Smith desires us to call a "halcyon," and there is every prospect of a continuance of this condition. So tranquil are we that the people whose duty it is to find something to say have pounced with almost indecent delight on so mild and worn a topic as this, "Is the day of great singers over?" "Why is it over?" they ask. "Are there no voices, or are the teachers incompetent?" Do not these inquirers know that the day of great singers is always over? Horace Walpole tells us of ladies who pronounced that it was done in their day, that Pacchierotto was the last of his kind. Edward Fitzgerald was never weary of calling attention to the death-bed knell, and would not go to hear Jenny Lind "because she was not as good as Pasta." The present writer remembers to have been told that the singer's art had "stopped short at the cultivated court" adorned by Grisi, and that the nightingale-women who entranced him—Nilsson, Patti, Titiens, Lucca—were but second best, and that the thrush and blackbird men were no better. Doubtless the same thing was said in the times of the Troubadours. When Gorgo and Praxinoe were so much delighted with the Alexandrian "Cantatrice" at Syracuse, there were probably some who sniffed, and it is more than likely that King Saul's older courtiers found abundant fault with young Signor Davide.

How idle it is to say that we have no glorious voices now? We need not mention Caruso or Melba, for is there a musical house in London where information cannot be had about the woman or man whose voice is finer, positively finer, than Caruso's or Melba's, but who, owing to the infamy and intrigues of *entrepreneurs*, can never succeed in getting a hearing? It is the poor managers who prevent these angels from coming down from heaven, or else it is the poor teacher's fault. Do we not all know the young gentleman who must have equalled Mario, only he was recommended to study under Monsieur Coup-de-Glotte, who absolutely ruined his voice? Teachers are as numerous as leaves used to be in Vallombrosa, and it is held by some philosophers that for every voice the one and only teacher exists, just as for every man and woman the right partner for life exists, if only you could find him or her. The theory is that young Mario must search, and keep on searching, until he finds the predestinated teacher who alone can understand what he needs. We have an uncomfortable suspicion that many a promising career is spoiled by the putting of this theory into practice. Too many cooks have spoilt many a *consommé*, and he who changes horses in the middle of the river does not always reach the further bank. When Miss Morgiana Crump deserted the vocal studio of Signor Baroski for that of Sir George Thrum, that eminent professor addressed his pupil thus, "We must begin, my dear Madam, by unlearning all that Mr. Baroski (of whom I do not wish to speak with the slightest disrespect) has taught you." And the race of Thrums and Baroskis flourishes still, and precious years are lost. We do not think that the blame should always be put upon the teachers.

The possessors of fine voices are sometimes lazy over their *solfeggi*; sometimes they lack intelligence, very often indeed they lack "charm." It may be true that we have at this moment no singers in the "grand style," but are there not moments when we are without poets and prose-writers in the grand style, and painters too? Must we blame the teachers and the drawing masters when we have no Keats, no Newman, no Sir Joshua, no Turner? Of one fact we should take notice and be thankful. There has probably

been no time, for long years past, when there were so many agreeable singers able to give us great pleasure, singers with moderate voices, perhaps, to whom Nature, in compensation, has given delightful intelligence and charm. Have we not heard Miss Maggie Feyte and Miss Susan Metcalfe within the last few days? They are not Nilssons, they are not even Camilla Landis; but should we not be very grateful to them for the immense pleasure their charming, intelligent, finished singing has given us? Of Miss Feyte's accomplishments we have written on several occasions, and after hearing Miss Metcalfe at the Classical Society's Concert we decided to take every opportunity in future of hearing so rare a singer. She has style, she has understanding, and the art of conveying delicate varieties of expression has no secrets that she has not discovered. But at this concert her accompanist was not in his happiest mood, and in Schubert's "Im Grünen," while she greeted Spring like a Flora of Botticelli, the pianist went out more like a governess in goloshes anxious to see if the paths were dry enough after the April showers. Madame Maud Herlenn is another agreeable singer. She gave a programme of old and new French songs at Broadwood's concert with complete success, in spite of some apparent nervousness. This was a capital concert, for we had a little orchestra, which played a Suite by Bach and accompanied the clever Misses Satz in his Concerto for two pianos, and it was all very delightful to hear. The "New Quartet" (Messrs. Sammons, Petre, Warner, and Warwick) must have a word of high praise for their playing, at their own concert, of Brahms' Quartet in B flat - it was so finely intelligent and so finished. Perhaps these artists played it with more sweetness than virility, so that the Andante was a little too full of honey, a little too Mendelssohnic; but they were right to play it as they felt it. The Hanley Singers, with the Symphony Orchestra under Richter, have given a memorable performance of Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" and Signor Leoni's "Golgotha" has been heard again. This, we fear, is not a work likely to make a successful appeal to English sympathies, in spite of the cleverness of its orchestration and some vigorous chorus-writing.

Pianoforte-playing during the week has been extremely interesting. A young pianist, Miss Myrtle Meggy, has so clean and clever a finger for Scarlatti, Handel, &c., that when she can command complete accuracy she should do very well indeed in harpsichord music. Mr. Borwick has been playing beautifully, giving his imagination a looser rein than he has sometimes done. M. Laliberté is a pianist we wish much to hear again. He had the courage to play Liszt's extremely interesting Variations on a theme of Bach, and six Preludes and the Sonata, Op. 6, of poor Scriabine, the Russian genius who, we believe, has met with the same sad fate which overtook Schumann and Hugo Wolf. His music is not at all easy to understand until one is familiar with it, but it excites an earnest desire for further acquaintance. One feels certain that it would well repay study and prove deeply satisfying. In César Franck's *Prélude Chorale* and *Fugue*, M. Laliberté did not seem to be exerting all his powers of interpretation; but three days afterwards we heard that great music more magnificently played than we had ever heard it before. In this and in Schumann's Sonata in G minor, Mr. Harold Bauer showed such a combination of true virtuosity, scholarship, imagination, and feeling that we could only name one other poet-pianist able to compete in rivalry with him. Mr. Bauer follows César Franck's directions with reverential accuracy, and the consequence is that in his hands the piece is not made, as is too often the case, a medium for mere vulgar display of skill, but is seen to be what it is—probably the most "intimate" piece of pianoforte music in

existence. Well do we remember Mme. Schumann's interpretation of her husband's Sonata in G minor. Having heard Mr. Bauer play it we are ready to admit that composers may not always know of how much their music is capable. So immense was our respect for that great pianist, Mme. Schumann, that we can hardly bear to say what we are going to say. She did not explore that Sonata and bring out its meaning as Mr. Bauer does. From Mme. Schumann's rendering one might have supposed that the spirit of Schiller animated the composer rather than the spirit of Jean Paul or Heine. Mr. Bauer's playing throws a flood of new light on the work, and he makes it irresistible.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE opening of the new wing of the National Gallery is an event of the first importance to the artistic world, and indeed to the public generally, and it is much to be regretted that the tactlessness of the authorities in supplying information of what had been, and was being done, to one only of the daily papers gave just offence in some quarters, and marred the harmony of an occasion which should have been one of general rejoicing. Much needless offence has been given, and the resulting note of soreness made itself heard in some notices of the recent changes in the gallery which deserved, in our opinion, hearty commendation.

Besides the present enlargement, the Gallery has been twice enlarged since its completion in 1838—in 1876 and in 1887. But the building was still overcrowded, and each succeeding year drew more emphatic attention to the grievous danger from fire to its priceless contents. Twenty years were allowed to elapse before the inevitable talking stage was succeeded by that of action. Since then, however, a great deal has been done to bring the building as a whole up to the modern fireproof standard; and the seven new galleries which were opened last Friday have been constructed and in part filled with canvases which were long familiar to us in other parts of the building. For the most part—in the cases of those at least which have found their permanent resting-places—the change is for the better; and the opportunity has been taken, we fancy, to clean many of the pictures, very much to their advantage. But much still remains to be done, and the arrangements, in the newly-opened basement rooms especially, are obviously of a temporary character; while the rooms hitherto occupied by the great pictures of the English school are now, in their turn, being fireproofed and cleaned for the reception, we presume, of many of the English pictures now hung on screens in the basement.

The first of the new rooms (No. XXV.) is devoted to the Ferrarese and Bolognese pictures—most of them old friends, and in not a few cases, old favourites, though there are many, too, which have outlived their popularity with the best taste of this generation. This curious shifting in public esteem would be an interesting subject for a special study. Nobody who is familiar with the average quality of modern art, its general mediocrity, and the paucity of really moving masterpieces which it produces as compared, say, with the English school of the eighteenth century, will claim for this generation the right to assume that it has uttered the final word in criticism, or that it can rank in this respect before the age which bred Gainsborough and Sir Joshua and the host of lesser lights who followed in their train. But there is something in the old saw—*securus judicat orbis terrarum*; and public judgment, slowly maturing and matured, still counts for much, even in this Socialistic age. So we look unmoved on the work of Guido Reni, and sniff at the laborious art of Parmegiano, where our fathers saw nothing but perfect

technique and lofty inspiration. As in all the new rooms, the lighting in this gallery is splendid; and many of the pictures make a fresh appeal to the beholder and strike a new and differing note, hung against the delicate green background now supplied them. This applies with particular force to the great Correggios, one of which, the "Mercury instructing Cupid," has had such a strange and varied history, and is still parted by the rolling seas from one at least of its ancient fellows in the ill-fated collection of King Charles I. And the like is true of Francia's magnificent altar-piece which hangs hard by, with the famous "Pietà" restored to its proper place in the *lunette*, instead of being parted from it and hung separately as hitherto.

Against a red wall in the room adjoining hang some masterpieces of seventeenth-century France; works by Claude, whose reputation—like that of Guido Reni and some of the great Italians—is somewhat on the wane; and some characteristic productions of Poussin. Eighteenth-century French art is represented in the adjoining room, and that of the later school of the century that followed is represented in the next room; and rather incongruously blended with them are some specimens of Dutch work of the same period. These include some of the smaller treasures of the Salting Collection, and one or two lovely Landscapes. The arrangement of this room would be the better for being reconsidered somewhat. Another room has to itself the sixteen fine Turners retained in the National Gallery after the great exodus of the rest of his works to Millbank. These form a representative group of the master's work in its most characteristic phases. In this well-lit gallery they impress one more than ever with their marvellous originality of outlook, their brilliant mastery of colour and their insight into its deep spiritual significance. As ordered by the will of the painter, the "Dido building Carthage" and "The Sun rising through a Mist" are hung in close juxtaposition to Claude's "Seaport" and "The Mill," and to our mind they lose nothing by the comparison which they challenge.

The great gallery at the end runs at right angles to the others, north and south, and is a noble room, brightly lit, with an effective paper of embossed old gold, and worthy of its contents. Those contents are the cream of the English school, the works of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua, of Romney and Hogarth, of Constable, Crome, and Morland. To criticise it in detail would be to tell of what we all know; all that need be said here is that they gain enormously by the better light in which they are now shown and the cleaning which some of them appear to have undergone, and to note with pleasure what seems to have escaped most of the critics, that Gainsborough's "Musidora," which was in all probability a portrait of Emma Hart (afterwards Lady Hamilton) in her "Temple of Hygeia" days, is now hung next to two of Romney's most famous studies of that frail but wonderful beauty; and the likeness is unmistakable, as Sir Walter Armstrong pointed out long since in his great work on Gainsborough. The overflow of the English school, and several other fine pictures with them, are quartered for the time being—until, we presume, the rooms lately vacated are ready to receive them—in the new rooms in the basement, of course with little pretence of arrangement, together with some fine Turner water-colour sketches. These rooms, too, are wonderfully light and capacious, and when properly arranged will form excellent galleries for the permanent Exhibition.

Rembrandt's great picture of "The Mill" was also on view, and attracted, as was fitting, no little attention—whether it will be possible to save it for the nation, or whether it must go the seemingly appointed way of English works of art across the seas to America remains to be seen. But we should like to put in a plea for building up a more representative collection of the English school. Even Sir

Joshua is not represented in all his phases—the gallery does not possess a single one of his splendid full-length portraits of ladies; Hoppner has one portrait only to his credit, and that by no means his best; while Opie, Beechey, Peters, and many others are but meagrely represented, if at all. This reproach is one of the first that should be removed from our national collection.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—THE BAGHDAD RAILWAY

A SETTLEMENT IN SIGHT

By LANCELOT LAWTON

WITHIN the last fortnight the international horizon has become perceptibly clearer. It is believed that Great Britain has entered upon *pourparlers* with Turkey which, if successful—and at present there is no valid reason for expecting other than a happy termination—will settle the complicated questions arising from the Baghdad Railway project. This will be welcome news to all lovers of tranquillity, for with it is borne the alluring prospect that the only concrete issue outstanding which might conceivably provoke hostilities between Great Britain and Germany will be finally removed from the dangerous domain of international controversy. Consequently I find myself in a position to repeat that, so far from a plot having been hatched at Potsdam against the peace of the world, as alleged by the alarmists, it may with truth be said that the outcome of the meeting between the two Emperors has effectually disposed of any lingering suspicion that the Triple Entente aimed at the isolation of Germany; moreover, it has demonstrated that, in spite of the obligations of existing alliances and understandings, the doors of diplomacy are still open for reasonable compromise on issues arising between individual Powers. It may yet be found that the negotiations entered upon by Russia and Germany have served an extremely useful purpose from every point of view, inasmuch as they have stimulated serious discussion among the nations concerned in the Baghdad Railway project, thus, let us hope, paving the way for a common agreement calculated in no small measure to afford welcome relief to the strain which has so long characterised international relations. And here it is not inopportune to observe that nothing can be more detrimental to the preservation of that normal calm so essential to the maintenance of goodwill among the peoples of Europe than the unfortunate tendency exhibited in some quarters to divide the great States arbitrarily into two hostile groups, or armed camps, and to hold, on all conceivable occasions, that the individual members of the one are bound by their collective obligations to frown upon the individual members of the other.

At the present juncture it is necessary that this all-important fact, emphasised by Sir Edward Grey, should constantly be borne in mind, that, however much we may dislike to contemplate the distant but disquieting potentialities of the scheme, the Baghdad Railway is a concession granted by Turkey to German interests, and, in so far as it relates to territory that is indisputably Turkish, we can have no just cause for raising objection. Those critics who detect in the negotiations now in progress between Germany and Russia a weakening of the latter's adherence to the Triple Entente, and who infer that British diplomacy, had it been more positive, could have kept those Powers apart, and thus postponed indefinitely the completion of the Baghdad Railway, ignore certain important and irremovable aspects of

the whole case at issue. Whatever doubts may be entertained in regard to the benefits accruing to Great Britain in a general sense from the Anglo-Russian understanding of 1907, it is clear that this compact placed Northern Persia outside the scope of our influence. At the same time it afforded us some tangible compensation in the neighbourhood by securing Russian recognition of our paramount position in the southern region. But in no sense did Germany signify her assent to this arrangement. On the contrary, in seeking on her own account from Persia concessions for a railway from Khanikan to Teheran, and a steamship service on Lake Urumiah, both within the Russian "sphere of influence," she clearly showed her dissent. It has been suggested that, in view of the peculiar interests held by Great Britain and Russia by reason of their neighbouring territories, the attitude of Germany was indefensible; but surely it is open for her to retort that, owing to the Baghdad Railway concession, she, too, possesses interests in neighbouring territory. That she should seek to protect these interests by making arrangements for a branch line into Persia, would appear on the surface as merely evidence of business-like acumen. Russia, however, who is no novice in enterprise of this kind, has not been slow to realise that railways carry with them political influence under the guise of what is known as "peaceful penetration," and consequently she has recognised the supreme importance of securing for herself control of any extension of the Baghdad line into Persia. Hence her natural desire for an agreement on the subject with Germany, such as will not only leave her in undivided enjoyment of the privileges in North Persia, conceded by Great Britain, but which will ultimately afford her some outlet to the Persian Gulf, and, what is of no small concern, obviate to a large extent the possibilities of a German menace on two frontiers.

In the compromise now being discussed between St. Petersburg and Berlin we must be prepared for the sacrifice of some portion of British interests in the substitution of a railway under foreign control for a trade route now largely used by our merchants. It cannot be too clearly emphasised that, in arranging this matter, neither Germany nor Russia is exceeding her rights. To pretend that the latter Power is acting in a deliberate manner inimical to our interests, and therefore to the spirit of the Triple Entente, is manifestly absurd; for, as I have already explained, in the Convention of 1907 we virtually abandoned our liberty of action in Northern Persia, and so, in compensation for any losses we may incur in this region, must make the best of our opportunities and privileges elsewhere. In the secrecy that necessarily enshrouds the negotiations now in progress, publicists, whose invariable custom it is to attract attention to themselves by the startling character of their announcements, find ample scope for pompous attacks upon the virility of the Triple Entente. But it must not be forgotten that the existing situation in the Middle East is of no sudden development; nor in the Agreement between Germany and Russia, already made prematurely public, must it be imagined that we have been treated to anything more than a glimpse of the comprehensive settlement that is gradually beginning to shape itself in regard to the whole problem of the Baghdad Railway. In an atmosphere charged with rumour, this undeniable fact stands out: that Russia is loyally keeping her partners, Great Britain and France, well informed as to the course of the negotiations. In plain language, nothing is being done behind our back. Germany will doubtless declare that she possesses no political interests in Persia, and in view of this circumstance, and of the frank endorsement to be made by her of the privileges held by Russia in the North, it follows logically that she is precluded from objecting to the special position of Great Britain in the South. Thus, for the first time,

Germany will accord recognition to the terms of the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907. Further, it would seem that in the memorable understanding concluded at Potsdam she at last fully realises that the Baghdad Railway is of serious international concern, and has not hesitated to establish a significant precedent which, so soon as the proper time arrives, will doubtless induce her to acquiesce in the placing of the control of the last section, ending at the Port of Koweit, in the hands of Great Britain, whose interests in the Persian Gulf and the neighbouring regions are paramount, and whose right to decide in all matters affecting these interests, should it be brought into question, would be fully upheld by France and Russia.

This last section of the line is, in reality, of sole concern to Great Britain; for it will pass through territory and terminate at a port which, in consequence of explicit treaty relations with the Sheikh of Koweit, are under our protection. Neither Turkey nor Germany must remain under any delusion on the subject. British consent to an extension of the railway in this direction is imperative, and will only be forthcoming on the basis of British control. For the rest, it must not be accepted that because Turkey has acted according to her legitimate rights as a State in granting to Germany the concession for the line east to Baghdad within her own territory, we are altogether deprived of means whereby we can safeguard our interests in the region to be traversed. The potent weapon of finance still remains with us; and unless we are satisfied that our trade will not be hampered by discriminating rates, we shall be fully justified in refusing our sanction to the proposed increase in Customs dues, without which it is impossible for Turkey to find the necessary funds for the payment of the Kilometric Guarantee attaching to the concession. It is noteworthy that in Berlin the opinion prevails that it will not be difficult to meet our requirements in this respect. Then, Turkey has made certain proposals in regard to the internationalisation of the last section of the line. However much we may appreciate the friendly spirit her attitude discloses, we cannot consent to any solution likely to weaken our position in the Persian Gulf, a position which has been won at the cost of British lives and British treasure, and the preservation of which is essential as a link of Empire. There is some talk in Constantinople of the kilometric guarantee being abandoned by the concessionnaires, and, failing a settlement of the Koweit Question favourable to Turkey, of another terminus being found in the Persian Gulf, in territory considered to be indisputably Turkish, and the railway to which would be exclusively in the hands of the Baghdad Company. These suggestions savour somewhat of that counter-irritant employed at times by diplomacy for its own ends; and, to say the least, it is premature to discuss them at length. On all sides abundant evidence is available that the Powers, with an earnest intent upon finding a settlement agreeable to all parties, are at last about to approach the complicated issues arising out of the Baghdad Railway project. And if the whole problem, generally regarded in its present form, is a grave menace to the world's peace, then we should be the first to recognise the rights of others. It is, perhaps, not altogether pleasant to contemplate even the remote possibility of the growth of German influence along a system of railways ultimately destined to link the Bosphorus with the Persian Gulf on the one hand and with the Egyptian frontier on the other. Both Germany and Turkey, however, are resolved upon the realisation of the Baghdad scheme, with all its widespread tentacles, and no action on our part can thwart them. It is as futile to argue that the project is economically unsound as it is undignified to quail before its strategic potentialities. We cannot, purely for our own ends, clog the wheels of universal progress. Let us take the sensible view. German

expansion, as illustrated by the Baghdad scheme; is legitimate enough. And Turkey's employment of German enterprise and capital within her own territories cannot by any stretch of the imagination be interpreted as a manifestation of unfriendliness towards ourselves. Rather is it a sign of that revitalisation which we were the first among the Powers to welcome on the downfall of Abdul Hamid.

IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVIDENTLY the pace at which we began the year was too strong. The markets are all tired. We must wait for the turn of the quarter before we get any revival. None of the brokers reports much business, yet all believe that business will come. We live upon hope—a pious frame of mind, but tedious if persisted in. Yet there is money about, for the Grand Trunk Pacific closed its lists hurriedly and successfully. Sperlings also closed their lists for their Mississippi Power Scheme, but whether because they had too much or too little money I don't know. The Oil Trust of Galicia also declared that they had met with a grand reception at the hands of the oil-gambler, and the shares are quoted at a premium. I urge those who may have obtained an allotment to sell. This company appears to me the most completely over-capitalised concern the oil-investor has yet been offered. It is said that Messrs. Thompson and Hunter who reported, and are optimists, might have said more than was printed. Three wells are sold for £225,562. Only one month's production is given, yet £87,120 is suggested as an annual profit! The working capital is £10,000. Now I have been upon many oil-fields, and I unhesitatingly declare that no company can prosper with such a paltry sum in its treasury. I am sorry that Herbert Stoneham should have put his name on the prospectus. The Santa Maria, fathered in the House by Foster and Braithwaite, is over-capitalised, but Californian Oil is a reasonable speculation, and this company has a better chance than the ridiculous Galician venture. Harrod's offer of shares should meet with the success it deserves. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell and Co. offer some rather speculative 6 per cent. mortgages on a paper company.

MONEY is now quite plentiful, but we shall not get any further reduction in the Bank Rate, and we must be satisfied with 3 per cent., which is low enough to please everybody. The price of money must effect gilt-edged stocks sooner or later, and Consols may be purchased with safety.

FOREIGNERS remain without incident, unless we except Peruvians, in which there are a good many dealings both here and in Paris. But we must not believe all the stories we hear. The bull account is gradually increasing, and those who have gone into this gamble should begin to think of taking a profit. Paris is in a very sorry plight. The political position is not good, and the market position even worse. The only shares gambled in are Maltzoffs, Hartmann, and Platine. These are wildly bought, and a collapse seems almost due. London does not know these shares, but the two markets are so closely allied that a collapse in one always affects the other.

HOME RAILS.—Even our latest love, the Home Rail Market, is deserted for the moment. The speculators are taking their profits, and I congratulate bulls of Little Chats and Dover A upon their courage. No one can speculate for any lengthened period in this market, for the rates charged are absurd. If we had bearer securities we might see a much freer market and a rise all round. We should also get an International market. The French would gladly invest in English railways if they could procure "bearer" shares. A

reform such as this would mean an enormous saving to the companies when they wanted to raise money. They would be able to tap the Continent as well as Great Britain. This is not the hour in which to purchase. Those who wait a week will be able to buy cheaper. Then they can pick up Great Westerns, Brums, North Easterns, and Lancashire and Yorkshire with confidence.

YANKEES.—The American public has been scared out of Wall Street, but the great bankers are perfectly confident that they can support prices. They must. They have many commitments. New York Central did well to reduce the dividend, for they need money badly. There has been some sort of hitch over the Missouri Pacific deal and Elliott at the moment stands aside. This is a pity, for he is a good man, and Kuhn Loeb must be sorry they did not secure him. They considered his acceptance of the management as certain. The market awaits the Trust decision. But whichever way this decision goes, I do not believe that it will make much difference. If unfavourable it will be altered by legislation. If favourable, Wall Street may be pleased but placid. The general view to-day is that the Trusts will be defeated. But the great houses are making a steady market in readiness for the defeat.

RUBBER.—The auction sales disappointed the Stock Exchange, and such bulls as managed to carry over at the last settlement got scared. But we have not seen the end of the battle. The Brazilians will make another effort to help up prices, and all the Mincing Lane promoters, who must have unloaded large blocks during the recent rise, will no doubt back Brazil for once in their lives. It is an irony of fate. Brazil, for whom the Lane has never had a good word, is now to be her salvation! There are plenty of companies coming out. The Rotterdam-Deli Heven seems a sound concern, and some of the shrewdest of the Dutch planters are on the board. The price per acre of this land, planted with 100,000 Heven, only works out at £10, and is therefore very cheap indeed. A dividend of 5 per cent. is guaranteed for four years, and the shares appear to me, knowing as I do the personal character of the board, a good rubber investment.

OIL.—Although large numbers of oil companies come out, the stockbrokers who make a speciality of oil shares tell me that they have no business. In view of the fact that Californian Oil is rising in price, I think Kerns a reasonable speculation. It is quite likely that when the winter is over and the rivers open to navigation, the Maikop companies will be marked up. The two best are the Black Sea Oilfields and the Pipe Line. Lobites, being outside the battlefield, seem cheap on the chance that they will strike oil at depth. Everybody in the City thinks that we shall get an oil boom. But what everybody thinks in the City has a strange habit of disappointing us. An infinite amount of nonsense is written about Standard Oil and the Mexican Revolution. Do not believe a word of it. Mexican Eagles, if they fall much lower, should be bought. But there is a bull account here. Therefore I advise caution.

KAFFIRS.—The French, like ourselves, have taken the increase in capital in Rand Mines very badly. There has been steady liquidation from Paris for some weeks past, and it has not yet ended. The firm of Wernher Beit and Company have acquired a great reputation for honesty and straightforward dealing, and the fact that they are going out of Kaffirs, although it has been known privately for a long time past, has destroyed the public confidence. If the jobbers can be got to sell short for another few weeks, we might see a rise. But the actual mining position on the Rand is not good. The best speculation is Randfontein.

RHODESIANS.—If the big houses could only restrain themselves from taking profits and loyally work together this market might be moved. But when every finance corporation has a big block of shares to sell, and is anxious to sell before its friends, the market declines to do business. I am not surprised. The slump in Tanks was caused by the liquidation of a big account on the Continent. All sorts of stories are going about, and there is a certain amount of truth in the statement that the Tanganyika finances are a

little tangled. Robert Williams has a huge task, and clever financier as he is, he must occasionally find himself in a kink.

TIN.—The Press campaign in favour of tin and tin shares still continues but the public remain unmoved. I do not think that we shall get any buying in this market until we are satisfied with regard to the cost of production. During the dry season water is difficult to procure and the cost of washing rises. This is a serious matter in an alluvial tin proposition.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The buying of Telephone Deferred still continues, and the bulls of London General Omnibus talk in the wildest possible manner of the price to which they intend to put the ordinary shares. It is certain that there must be a very considerable short account open in this stock. The market is narrow and few jobbers deal. Therefore, if one or two bold people have sold and cannot buy back, this would account for the unjustifiable rise.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"WHO" OR "WHOM"?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Nearly every writer on English grammar has, I believe, referred to the error "than whom" condemned by a correspondent in your current issue. There is, however, no reason to believe that the strictures passed on the incorrect usage have had any influence in deterring writers from using the wrong form. Even those who would admit that "than whom" is ungrammatical evidently shrink from saying "than who," which indeed has been described by Dean Alford, author of the "Queen's English," as "intolerable." Cobbett was one of the most unsparing critics of the objective form, but admitted that it was "often seen in very good writers," including Hume, Blackstone, Blair, and Dr. Johnson, as well as Milton.

Your correspondent declares that no educated person would say "than him" or "than her." Surely this statement requires some qualification. Take the expression: They favoured him more than her. The pronoun after "than" is here correctly put in the objective case, the full expression being: They favoured him more than they favoured her. A different meaning would of course be conveyed by "than she."

In an evening paper that lies before me I find rather an interesting instance of the incorrect use of "than he." A "clerical correspondent," writing on the Revised Version of the Bible, says of William Tyndale—" . . . to no man more than he is due its marvellous English and melodious style." Of course the passage should read—" . . . to no man more than (to) him," &c.—I am, &c.,

W. C. M.

Glasgow.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR—It has been suggested by one of your correspondents that if a woman entered the arena of politics she would gradually become poisoned, corrupted and destroyed. Whether such would be the case or no I am not in the position to say, but I do believe it would bring a great deal of trouble in home life, especially if the mother and daughters happened to be Socialists, and the husband and sons Conservatives. Women's minds, I grant, are not inferior to men's, but a woman does not possess that essential quality of mind so necessary in politics. As men are not capable of doing women's work, neither are women capable of doing men's. If a woman would wield a good influence over men, and desires to uplift her oppressed and down-trodden sisters, let her try to influence her husband and her brothers by passing laws, through their votes, for the good of womankind. Her influence in the world would then have a far greater power in bringing good to her sex than if she obtained the vote, and our land became governed by women.—Yours faithfully,

J. R. MORETON.

"Lynton," 46, Brockley-rise, Forest-hill, S.E.

"NEW EVIDENCES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your very fair-minded review—for which I thank you—of my book, "New Evidences in Psychical Research," it is asked whether Mrs. Jones, as well as the two girls, heard the raps which occurred in the latter's bedroom after the death of their brother. (By the way, the raps began twenty minutes after, not twenty minutes before, the death; but this is no doubt merely a slip of the reviewer's pen.)

The answer is in the affirmative. Mrs. Jones heard the raps as plainly as the girls did. The three of them investigated, but found no physical cause. I do not regard such cases as conclusive, for it is impossible to prove that the sounds were supernatural; but in this case, knowing the people concerned, I admit that I am inclined to favour a supernatural hypothesis, at least tentatively. That is as far as I care to go. I do not expect (or desire) the case to convince anybody, but it seemed just worth including.—Yours truly,

J. ARTHUR HILL.

Wensley Bank, Thornton, Bradford, March 13, 1911.

"PUBLIC LIBRARY REFORM"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow me the use of your columns to reply to those readers of my book who have suggested the formation of a Public Library Reform League?

The administration of our libraries, museums, and art galleries is, unquestionably, a matter of national importance and interest, and I shall be pleased to receive the names of interested persons, with a view to the early formation of the proposed new league.—Yours truly,

WM. WEARE, Author of "Public Library Reform."

Highbury, Cliff Road, Leigh-on-Sea, March 10, 1911.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- The Lord Dollar (Don Dinero).* By Harper Curtis. William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.
Uncanny Tales. By F. Marion Crawford. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.
The Straight Road. By Gladys Mendl. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
Fenella. By H. Longan Stuart. Chatto and Windus. 6s.
A Man with a Past. By A. St. John Adcock. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.
Freddy Barton's School-days. By Nelson Prower, M.A. John Ouseley. 2s. net.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- David Ricardo: A Centenary Estimate.* By Jacob H. Hollander, Ph.D. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, U.S.A. \$1.
The Naga Tribes of Manipur. By T. C. Hodson. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.
Memorials of Old Surrey. Edited by the Rev. J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. George Allen and Sons. 15s. net.
En Marge de la Correspondance de Napoléon I.: Pièces inédites concernant la Pologne, 1801-1815. H. Le Soudier, Paris.

THEOLOGY

- Alone with Christ.* Addresses by the Rev. A. V. Magee, M.A. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.
Counsels to Nurses. By Edward King, D.D., late Bishop of Lincoln. A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.
The Pew to the Pulpit. By a Priest. With an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. I. Gregory Smith. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.
Our English Bible: How we Got it. A Tercentenary Memorial of the Authorised Version. By the Rev. R. B. Girdlestone, M.A. S.P.C.K. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- A Tour and a Romance.* By Alice E. Robbins. Illustrated. Andrew Melrose. 6s.
Siren Land. By Norman Douglas. Illustrated. J. M. Dent and Co. 6s. net.
Creative Evolution. By Henri Bergson. Authorised Translation by Arthur Mitchell, Ph.D. Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.

The New Criticism: a Lecture delivered at Columbia University, March 9th, 1910. By J. E. Spingarn. Lemcke and Buechner, New York.

Music-Drama of the Future: Uther and Igraine, Choral Drama. By Rutland Boughton and Reginald R. Buckley. With Essays by the Collaborators. Wm. Reeves. 2s. net.

Cloud-Rifts Over Cottonopolis: a Series of Sketches. By an Observer. Sherratt and Hughes. 1s. net.

Antirrhinums. By Fred. W. Harvey, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.

The Altar in the Wilderness: an Attempt to Interpret Man's Seven Spiritual Ages. By Ethelbert Johnson. Wm. Rider and Son. 1s. 6d. net.

The Danube with Pen and Pencil. By Captain B. Granville Baker. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 15s.

PERIODICALS

People's Magazine; Top-Notch; Revue Bleue; Literary Digest; Popular Magazine; Idler; M.A.B.; Cambridge University Reporter; London University Gazette; Bookseller; Century Magazine.

MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS

Revolutionary Ireland and its Settlement.

By the Rev. ROBERT H. MURRAY, Litt.D., Lecturer in History at Alexandra College, Dublin. With an Introduction by the Rev. J. P. MAHAFFY, D.D., C.V.O., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. 8vo., 10s. net.

The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion.

By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. In 6 Parts. Third Edition. 8vo. Part I.—THE MAGIC ART AND THE EVOLUTION OF KINGS. 2 Vols. 20s. net.

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